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JOHN BULL

THURSDAY, for week ending SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1939. 93, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. *Telephone:* TEMPLE BAR 2468.

Straight from the Shoulder

Our Pledge

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; nought shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

JOHN BULL is pledged to devote the whole of its power and resources to the common duty of defeating the enemy.

It will fight in this just and inexorable war with the same earnestness with which it fought to preserve peace in the past.

That is our pledge. We shall not break it. Our readers, who give to us a loyalty and assistance that no other journal in the world can command, will help us to stand fast.

Unchanged Aims

Our aims remain unchanged. Even when, in the last five years, we urged that no effort and no fair sacrifice should be spared in the task of creating a settled peace, we did not hesitate to tell the truth about the oppression and perfidy which were disturbing the world.

Always we insisted that the rule of the steel whip and the rubber truncheon must be ended. We demanded Peace—a peace decided by right and international law—but not peace at any price.

Unmuzzled

Now, when all attempts to secure that justice has failed, JOHN BULL will play its part in the war with those aims ever before it.

But there is something else which must be said. For it is essential that not only the public but the authorities should realise that, even in war time, JOHN BULL will not be muzzled.

Keeping Confidence

Because of this journal's unique position in the nation's life, the Government expects it to take a big share in the task of securing national unity.

That we shall do. But we shall continue to expose wrongs and criticise muddles which might imperil that unity.

Britain's greatest weapon in the struggle which lies ahead will be her people's confidence. We must see that no small group of individuals, profiteers or shirkers or crooks, and no bungling officialdom, shall be allowed to undermine that confidence which we all feel in our leaders and our defences.

You Must Help

That, then, is JOHN BULL's policy. And that is where our readers can help us to make Britain invincible and triumphant.

If you have grievances, we will deal with them. Should they call for official recognition, we shall see that they are rectified by the authorities concerned. Should they prove groundless, we shall tell you so frankly.

Our Tradition

We shall uphold our long tradition as the Serviceman's champion by investigating every complaint which members of the Services or their relatives forward to us.

There are bound to be complaints. Not necessarily because of red-tape or inefficiency, but because of the sheer vastness of our defensive forces.

And we know that the authorities are anxious to remove every possible source of complaint or perplexity—just as we are anxious to aid them in that task.

Blackguards

They are determined, for example, to outlaw profiteering. You need not doubt that determination.

But it is too much to expect that a few traitorous blackguards will not attempt to evade the regulations and line their own pockets at the expense of the community.

If you have reason to suspect any person of profiteering—whether he be an important Army contractor or a back-street shopkeeper—let us know.

We will do the rest. And we shall not hesitate to name any offender whose guilt can be proved.

Food Dodgers

There is the vital question of food. The Government has, for example, rightly prohibited any rise in meat prices. We expect that order to be extended shortly to all foodstuffs.

(Continued overleaf)

Continuing Straight from the Shoulder

Public Must be Told the Full News!

We are convinced that the great mass of traders will loyally observe such orders.

But even one dodger will be harming the whole population. And, if he exists, we want to know about him. We want to know his name, the particulars of his offence, and so on.

Then we shall see that he is exposed and prosecuted.

Protecting Children

There are complaints from a few places of unsatisfactory arrangements for the evacuated children. We are told of the youngsters being fed on bully beef instead of having hot meals, of their parents being charged for milk and even for water.

We are investigating these charges. Meanwhile, we can assure you that the arrangements are, on the whole, working perfectly.

Changed Her Mind

Where breakdowns have come to light, the authorities have taken instant action.

One woman who refused to accept evacuated children was visited by the chief constable. He forced her to change her mind, and he warned her that a police officer and a N.S.P.C.C. inspector would visit her daily.

If she fails to give her charges the care and kindness which most other landladies are showing, she will be brought before the courts.

Neglect

But there is another job which local councils must tackle immediately. Any long railway journey will enable you to see scores of steel A.R.P. shelters lying unassembled and rusting in the gardens of small houses.

Those stupidly neglectful householders must be visited by wardens and told to protect their families.

Doctors to Rescue

Harley Street, by the way, is half-empty. Have its great surgeons and physicians sought protection by fleeing into the country?

On the contrary, they have rushed to give their services to the State—many of them without even arranging for the storage of their furniture and clothes.

More Information!

That is the spirit which, shared as it is by almost the whole nation, will succeed in crushing the malignancy of our enemy.

In return, officialdom must see that everything possible is done to uphold that eagerness to serve and that feeling of calm confidence.

It must, for instance, issue the fullest information on the conduct of the war that is compatible with national security.

And More News

After an air raid, there should not be a delay of many hours before a vague and bald statement is given to the Press. Such methods breed disquiet and wild rumour.

Should our forces ever suffer a minor reverse, we should be told so. The public can take bad news as well as good.

No Hysteria

We can take it because we are not in the throes of war fever and thus apt to be over-optimistic. We are fighting grimly and resolutely, knowing that though temporary setbacks may come we shall emerge victorious.

We are not split into discontented factions, as are our enemy.

Our streets are not littered with anti-Government pamphlets after a black-out, as are the streets of Rhineland towns.

Keeping Them Down

Our armies are not permeated with malcontents, unlike the S.A. Brownshirts, among whom revolutionary leaflets are circulating.

Troops with fixed bayonets do not have to keep our artisans at work, as they do in the Vienna electricity stations and the Bohemian factories.

Paper Fights

Nor, should the enemy bomb us with leaflets as the R.A.F. have done, could we be persuaded to doubt the justice and necessity of our cause.

Worth noting, by the way, is that in October, 1918, the Allies dropped 5,360,000 leaflets behind the German lines. They played a tremendous part in bringing the war to a speedy end.

And that number has already been exceeded in a few days of the present conflict!

They're allowed a friendly fight in the midst of the real fight; let the public, too, be given back its pleasures

Open the Cinemas!

We repeat, therefore, that because we are a calm and united people we must be given official bulletins in full and without delay. The too strict censorship on foreign journalists must also be relaxed.

Our radio programmes must not be curtailed. Cinemas and theatres—particularly in the suburbs and safer towns—should be reopened at once, even if they are not allowed to remain open late at night.

We have work to do, certainly. But we know what all work and no play does to Jack, Dick and Harry.

Close the Gaps

We have the right also to demand that the minor and inevitable gaps in organisation shall be closed without delay.

Thus, in one London area there is only one size of leather boots available for ambulance drivers.

So some women are wearing boots too large for them and others are feeling where the shoe pinches!

Long, Strong Pull

Every member of the public can co-operate. Not only in the more obvious ways of obeying the instructions of police and air raid wardens, taking your gas mask with you, and so on.

But also by keeping off the streets as much as possible, by keeping down your gas and electricity consumption to a minimum—and—above all—by discounting all rumours and information which cannot be verified by yourself or by official sources.

Dodgers, Look Out!

It will not be in any carping spirit that we shall draw attention to such little absurdities. Nor shall we withhold our anger against any person who seeks to turn the country's grim emergency to his own ends, nor refrain from any assistance which we may be able to give directly to the State.

Our Slogan

None of us can have any doubt of the end of the struggle on which we are engaged. None of us can doubt the justice of our cause and the necessity for taking up arms.

We all have a solemn duty to serve the State. You will not impede that duty if you remember the familiar slogan of peace and war—"Write to JOHN BULL about it!"

Carry On, Competitors!

TO-DAY, as in 1914, the Government realises that suitable recreations must be made available for the men and women on whom it relies for help in winning the war—*and that means for everybody.*

Every possible encouragement will again be given to those who provide suitable relaxation for the public in general, as well as for our men and women in the Services.

Because war-time efficiency demands spare-time relaxation, JOHN BULL contributes to the needs of the nation by keeping the Competition flag flying. To take your mind off the worries of war-time there are no better home or camp hobbies than *Bullets* and Crosswords.

Ever since JOHN BULL launched the first *Bullets* Offer in October, 1912, our Competitions have been conducted continuously. The Competition flag was flying throughout the last war—and, with the co-operation of our readers, will remain at the mast-head in 1939.

On page 28 of this JOHN BULL you will find a Crossword Offer, with a topical and entertaining puzzle, set by our ingenious Compiler. On page 31 is a special war-time set of *Examples* for *Bullets*, waiting to be turned into prize phrases in the next few days.

Each of these Offers carries, of necessity, a war-time prize-list, in order that the Competitions may be carried on through these first most difficult weeks of the struggle. But your *Bullets* will be judged, and your Crossword Answers carefully considered, with the same impartial fairness as in the past.

With your support, our prize-lists will once more swell to giant figures. Meanwhile, carry on, Competitors! Pursuing your spare-time hobbies will keep the homely entertainment of Competitions available for all—and so help to win the war against gloom and depression!

"Arf a mo', Hitler—I must just finish off my JOHN BULL coupon first!"

The SPIRIT of BRITAIN

Britain's Navy, pride of the Empire, is guarding the seas. And at home every man and woman is carrying on calmly, steadfastly. That is the spirit which will smash the Nazis and free their victims from slavery.

NOW that the war is in its second week and we are living through the great emergency for which we have prepared so long, look round about you and take pride in the grand spirit of your fellow-Britons.

It is not yet possible to assess the gains and losses on the far-flung fronts of sea and land and sky, but we can *feel* the surge of the nation's purpose; we can *watch* the rising tide of Britain's triumphant morale.

Simultaneously with the actual joining of battle, the old "war of nerves" has been carried far into enemy territory.

Germany cannot stem this invisible invasion. She has no Siegfried Nerve Line to protect her bewildered people from assailing doubts and fears.

Discord, discontent and grave disunity are apparent even in these early days.

This contrast in morale is sharply clear to all neutral observers.

There are American journalists in Germany as there are here. Among the enemy they see the dumb and sullen discipline of driven men; here they observe the gaining resolution of a free people, the long queues of volunteers, and the ready grin on dauntless lips.

In Germany, where none (as we describe elsewhere) may listen to a foreign broadcast except at the risk of the death penalty, millions are obeying orders in an ominous silence, and waiting for "the Day" of a kind of which Hitler has never dreamed.

HERE the public scoffs good-humouredly at the unchanged, beautifully correct voices of the B.B.C. announcers, broadcasting good news and bad with the same unhurried precision, and switching over unperturbed from the fearful drama of a world in arms to recorded dance music that shows, alas, no change.

Germany's first act of war against Great Britain was an act of treachery and a grave blunder.

When one of her submarines torpedoed the *Athenia*, it also sank the last vestiges of German honour—without trace.

Our own first act of war was to drop six million leaflets in enemy territory. That was a magnificent "offensive."

We may have done more damage to the Nazis with those leaflets than could ever have been wrought by dropping the fifteen tons of high explosive which our R.A.F. bombers could so easily have carried in their place.

Each flake in the paper snowstorms of these bombless bombardments has been a reminder to the German people that our only quarrel with them is that they allow themselves to be ruled by the evil régime which has forced Europe into war.

Lest these same rulers should have supposed a weakness where none existed, our R.A.F. bombers went out again in the stormy dawn, roaring above the Kiel Canal, to strike the first blow against enemy battleships at Wilhelmshaven and Cuxhaven.

The Poles, fighting with the utmost gallantry, are stiffened now to a still more desperate resistance.

In Warsaw they massed in thousands, heedless of air raids, to sing our National Anthem, and they, like ourselves, shared the proud thrill that ran from coast to coast in France with the first tremendous French communiqué: "Our forces have gone into action by air and sea and land."

We have splendid allies, but in this great struggle we must bear our part as though its issue depended upon ourselves alone.

Can we count absolutely upon the people of our own blood? Yes, of course we can!

We can count not only on Tom and Dick and Harry here in Britain with their sisters and sweethearts and wives, but on every Tom, Dick and Harry throughout the Empire.

From Land's End to John o' Groat's; from here to the Antipodes, and right through the broad Red Belt that puts the stamp of Greater Britain across the map of two hemispheres, the spirit of our race runs clean and strong like a mighty river.

Without Fear or Favour

Australia, Canada and New Zealand march again at our side. The Princes of India rally to our banner. Egypt takes up the challenge of our enemies.

And South Africa, delayed a moment in the outward form of the same united purpose, makes common cause with all of us under the tried leadership of General Smuts.

NEVER think dubiously that we ought to win; think, rather, that the Greater Britain *cannot lose*.

And believe, as JOHN BULL profoundly believes, that we may break the power of Nazi Germany far sooner than the more cautious optimists dare prophesy!

High hearts are not lacking here, but the country's chief need to-day is of cool heads.

Half the nation is already in uniform, but the other half remains, and must continue to remain, in mufti.

And it is easier, in one sense at least, to obey orders to the letter than to accept the discipline of an unordered duty.

Let each be steadfast, therefore, in his appointed task.

We have the finest workmen in the world; let them continue to man our factories with all their old efficiency and the new zeal.

Our "wonderful police" were reinforced overnight with an impressive multitude of auxiliary volunteers.

Our firemen were instantly supported by thousands of civilians in kindred uniform.

TO the devoted ranks of the professional doctors and nurses there has rallied a legion of women eager to strengthen a noble service.

All the rest of us, carrying on Britain's essential business in its mines and shops and transport services and distributive trades, can render equal service to the country, though as yet we wear no warlike uniforms.

We must obey the orders of those who are set in authority.

We must neither listen to the tongue of rumour nor spread its baseless alarms.

We must mind our own business, protect and prepare our own homes against all foreseeable risks, and fortify our neighbours' courage by the display of steadfast cheerfulness.

Look round about you, we repeat, and take pride in your fellow men and women.

They are the salt of the earth; they are your co-citizens in the greatest Empire ever founded and established in freedom and democracy.

We have nothing to fear. Danger and hardship and sacrifice may await us, but we can endure them in the certainty of victory and the knowledge that we are fighting not for ourselves alone, but for humanity and the sake of justice and the final triumph of peace.

In money and in supplies, in armed strength and in great tradition, we can challenge all the might of Nazi Germany with confidence.

But we have also upon our side the undivided sympathy of the neutral world and the moral support of every free people, great or small.

We have builded our house upon the rock of British character. But the house of our enemy is "jerry-built" upon the shifting sands of faithless conduct and the treacherous subsoil of enslaved opinion.

Voice of the People

- Tell Us Your Story
- Britain's Stepsons
- Ban on Bantams
- Tone Down the Radio

THIS is a time of good-byes.

Yesterday, for instance, I was an accountant. To-day I am a soldier. Last week my sister was a typist. To-day she is a nurse.

There is one way, however, in which we readers of the great JOHN BULL family can keep together.

Why not a space in JOHN BULL every week—for as long as the war lasts—in which a reader whose life has been entirely transformed by the war can "report progress" to his or her fellow-readers?

Call it "This Is Happening To Me," or something like that. Let us tell one another what we are doing.—H. S. C., Queen's Drive, Acton, W.

Good idea. We'll start "This Is Happening To Me" next week. Tell us of your new life, your adventures. we'll give you licence as to space, and we'll pay according to the length used.

Do They Now?

One thing is clear about Corporal Hitler, of the Bavarian Army.

Not only did the generals never hear of him, but his officers didn't think much of him.—G. Groom, Churchyard Row, S.E.11.

Unwanted Volunteers

British military authorities are turning down the applications of young Americans to join the British Army. Whatever for?

Love of the old country is bred in the bone of those sons of America who know without doubt that they have descended from British forebears.

Hundreds of thousands of them regard themselves as stepsons of Britain, and wish to remain somewhere in the family circle—even if, as one American paper puts it, "George Washington did marry a second wife after his quarrel with Miss or should it be Mrs., Britannia."—H. J. Reynolds, Central Buildings, Westminster, S.W.1.

We Expect So

Just as war was breaking out I read in a City report that "the 3,000 tons of copper bought by Germany in the London metal market will be delivered to them, as requested, in the third week of September."

Perhaps it will be delivered to them *not* in the manner requested.—R. Wreford, Campbell Road, Swinton, Lancs.

Little But Good

Here is war—yet I, young, healthy, and eager to make soldiering my career, am still refused admission to the ranks.

I have gone as far afield as London, Manchester, Newcastle and several smaller towns in order to enlist, but I have even been rebuffed with sarcasm.

Why? Because I am only five feet high.

Give us the old Bantam Battalions again!—L. U., Chalfont St. Giles, Bucks.

Patience, Please!

Be patient with the shopkeeper in these worrying times. And, if you know there are profiteers about, don't tar all traders with the same brush.

My father tried to sell things cheerfully over the counter for twenty years. In times of acute crisis his takings went down 50 per cent. Yet he tried to make his conversation, his windows, his whole business, a tonic. It isn't easy when things are going dead wrong.—Lilian G. Hempel, Kensington Court Gardens, London, W.8.

G. B. S. Disowns Him

It would be interesting to know the opinion of Mr. George Bernard Shaw on the fellow-teetotaler, non-smoker and vegetarian who has brought Europe to this terrible pass.—Walter Rushworth, Parkway, Regent's Park, N.W.1.

Quite definitely they are not friends!

The cat on the right is the most talkative member of its species I have ever encountered. Unlike most cats, it is seldom silent.

Because he likes a rather frightened audience to address and because he can "orate" for hours, I am calling him Hitler.

The trouble is, these days, that his constant meaows and moans often sound like the beginning of a warbling air-raid warning. (Miss I. M., Somerset.)

Selfish, Stupid

Studying the new regulations to reduce noise in the interests of national safety, I notice one important omission.

Many listeners are keeping their wireless sets blaring away at such strength that their neighbours cannot depend on hearing sirens, hooters or other air-raid warnings.—T. Ellis, Bradwell Lane, Wolstanton, Staffs.

Country Balm

You townsmen, go into the country sometimes in these days of strain and stress. Visit the village churches that are off the main road. Think of their great age—500, 600, 900 years.

You will be surprised how it will enable you to see all the distressing events of this war in their right perspective.

And you country parsons—see your churches are open to the wayfarers. Help in the task of calming troubled spirits.—F. French, Duston, Northants.

No Usury!

One thing I urge JOHN BULL to advocate ceaselessly as long as this war lasts.

Let the Government say it is going to raise its war loans at 3 per cent. and stick to it. If it can't get the money at that rate of interest by voluntary means, let it compel people to lend it according to their resources.

The high interest rates of the last war encouraged the belief that many people were putting a higher value on money than on human life.—E. M., Cavehill Road, Belfast.

Blood-Boiler

Having received their evacuation orders in my town, children lined up at various shops to buy unbreakable cups which they were recommended to purchase.

One shopkeeper peeped out, saw the length of this queue of youngsters who were having to desert their home town—and promptly raised the price from threepence to fourpence.—H. M., Lancs.

Test Them

Until a week ago Britain was divided as to the wisdom of admitting refugees.

Now war has come as a test of their desirability.

If Britain is good enough to take refuge in, she is good enough to defend. Let us judge these people by what they *do* for Britain.

And let those of them who are of fighting age fight for the country, if they can be trusted. If they can't be trusted, well—we don't want them.—C. Nugent, Ditchling Rise, Brighton.

Cut and Cut Again!

Some millions of people will be wondering what foods they can grow in their gardens—especially with winter upon us.

May I suggest the vegetable we describe in Lincolnshire as "cut and come again" spinach. You can plant it when you like, and as fast as you cut the leaves off more grow. The smallest space will do, and no expert attention is necessary.—H. D., Boston, Lincs.

Ask your seedsman for "spinach beet" seeds and plant them now. And read the article "Defence Line No. 4" on page 15.

Looking for Doctor

Walking home in the blackness with my husband we saw an ambulance waiting in the road.

A policeman told us that it had been called to the spot by telephone, but there was no sign of a victim.

What is more, he had been unable to trace a single doctor—although at that moment he was standing almost on the doorstep of one.

It is surely more essential than ever, now, that policemen and others should be given lists of doctors' addresses, and that their telephone numbers should be displayed somewhere where they would be readily accessible to the public.—Mrs. Fenwick, Wingfield Street, Bradford Moor, Yorks.

Full Up

Yesterday my young man went to a distant town to join the fighting forces. His train fare cost him 3s. 3d. Yet he was told: "Sorry; full up."

Full up—with Britain at war? It is hardly creditable. It is even more staggering to record that they did not even put his name on a list.—Miss A. Allton, Lime Tree Avenue, Hyde Park, Doncaster.

Britain's recruiting is now on a proper, methodical basis. One mistake of the last war was swelling certain branches of the Services unduly while other branches were short of men. Great armies shouldn't grow like that.

● *We want to know what you are thinking about, what you've seen or done. So write to the "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your own drawing or photograph illustrating the letter.

Just a Human Story

Here is a story, sent by a JOHN BULL reader, that will touch your heart.

* * *

I AM a widow left with just enough money to rub along quietly if I am very, very careful.

That is why, when a friend of mine asked me if I could help one of her neighbours to Spring-clean, I was glad to accept. It meant that "something extra" to buy one or two luxuries.

My friend took me along to the house and introduced me to her neighbour.

Then I went upstairs to begin work in a front bedroom.

As I was taking the pictures off the wall I found myself looking closely at one of them—a faded photograph of two women in the fashions we wore when I was a girl.

Some minutes later I had to go downstairs and decided I would take the opportunity to ask my employer about the picture.

"I hope you don't mind," I said, "but I want to ask you a rather personal question. Was your maiden name White?"

"Yes," she replied. "Why?" And she smiled, a smile that I could never forget.

"You don't remember me," I said, "but, forty years ago, I was one of your bridesmaids."

I don't know which of us was the happier. We had been close friends before we drifted apart. Now that friendship has been reborn.

Mrs. Pottle, 29, Birchington Road, Kilburn, N.W.

HE'S the WORLD'S CHAMPION LIAR

Out of his own mouth, the would-be Tyrant of Europe has proved himself a king of falsehood

"If I were mad I would want war"

"NO mother will ever have cause to weep in consequence of any action of mine."

Do you know who uttered that promise, you mothers who have just seen your sons march away, who have kissed farewell to your millions of evacuated children?

His name is Adolf Hitler.

He was talking at a diplomatic tea just a year ago—on September 8, 1938, to be exact.

And diplomats' wives who are mothers themselves were deceived by the tear they saw glistening in his eye, the break they heard in his voice. They left believing that in those few words lay new hope for the world.

Who can blame them, now? Until Hitler stripped off his mask recently, few men in the world had suspected the full scope of his utter perfidy.

When Germany first entrusted her destinies to him in the Spring of 1933 we first saw him as Hitler the Plaster Saint. Do you remember?

It was at a moment when all the nations of Europe were working together to scale down arms.

WE wondered for a moment whether we dare continue with our drastic disarmament — until his saintliness showed itself.

"I wish to work wholeheartedly with England for world peace. I do not intend to give offence to anybody," was his first pledge.

Two months later: "Germany will tread no other path than the one laid down by treaties. The German people have no thought of invading anybody."

Run your mind over the events of the last six years and ask yourself: Did he lie?

Then there came the first sign of tearfulness.

"No one could demand," he said, "that millions of men in the flower of youth should be annihilated for the sake of a readjustment of our present frontiers."

Who could go on building battleships and aeroplanes and guns against a nation led by a man with such fine thoughts?

But in October, 1933, came a shock.

When Sir John Simon was making an eloquent speech aimed at reconciling German and French viewpoints, Germany abruptly left the League and walked out of the Disarmament Conference.

Hitler staved us off once more with lies.

"It is an insult to me when people say I want war," he said, lashing himself into the righteous wrath of a perjured man. "War would mark the end of our race. If I were mad, I would want war."

Well, he should know. . . .

And again:

"Germany desires peace with all nations. We hold that it is each people's business to decide upon its own domestic life."

Now there were stories from Germany of a secret army and air force in the building.

A fresh flood of lies brought back confidence in him.

"We do not desire to disturb the rights of any nation, to overthrow it, or place it under a yoke," he promised solemnly.

"Our aim is to give our people honour and equality, to co-operate honestly in avoiding bloodshed, which we soldiers of the World War could only regard as a new catastrophe for a Europe gone mad."

A month later:

"We are not after foreign political adventure."

There followed a whole host of promises that Germany had no ambitions that she had not revealed.

Then came the first anniversary of his accession to power—February, 1934.

The people of Germany were hungrier and poorer than before.

He comforted them with lies—lies to the effect that all their suffering was a means to an end, and that end an abiding and prosperous peace.

AND to us he said: "We have the nation behind us. Now we can devote our efforts to international peace"—which was lying just as diabolical.

ALMOST AT ONCE THERE WAS CHEERING THROUGHOUT POLAND. GERMANY, THE ENIGMATIC NEIGHBOUR, WAS OFFERING THEM PEACE.

When the two countries signed a non-aggression pact, Adolf Hitler sealed it with the words:

"This means that Germany and Poland have definitely abandoned all idea of a resort to arms, not merely for ten years, but for always."

Read that promise again in the light of all that has befallen Poland since.

But what about the Polish Corridor and Danzig which Hitler has since found essential to German existence, honour and what not?

He did not mention them. He said: "The German people know no vengeance and wish for no conquest, but would like to take the hand of every other nation."

He added, the very next month: "We have a gigantic programme at home. That binds us to seek peace and friendship with the rest of the world."

Nor was he content with impressing Poland alone with his pacifist intentions, his complete lack of territorial ambitions.

"IN the old days," he told the world with pious pose, "a deliberate maker of war might have been a patriot. To-day he is a traitor, leading his people in the valley of the shadow of death."

Now came another of those occasions when the plaster saint opened his mouth and showed fangs.

Britain and France invited him to join in a general settlement to remove the military restrictions imposed on Germany by the Versailles Treaty.

He declined a conference, offered separate conversations in what appeared to be an effort to split the two allies, broke the conversations off when it suited him—and then announced there was no need for him to be a party to such negotiations.

He revealed that a big German Air Force was in existence already—which was something we had suspected but never known before. And he announced that immediate conscription would give him a gigantic army as well.

He told us these things in a braggart's voice. There were no tears, now, when he spoke in public. He was just another German war lord.

But he still promised that Germany would always keep the Locarno Treaty. He lied about that to the last.

And he also gave this solemn promise: **"Germany neither intends nor wishes to interfere in the internal affairs of Austria, to annex Austria or to conclude an Anschluss."**

There is something else to read and re-read in the light of later events.

"THE STRUGGLE FOR GERMAN EQUALITY HAS CONCLUDED," HE SAID. "WE HAVE NO TERRITORIAL DEMANDS TO MAKE IN EUROPE."

The rape of Czechoslovakia was threatening.

He sent our Government his positive assurances that he had "no hostile intentions against Czechoslovakia." Goering added that that was the Fuehrer's "word of honour," a phrase that he knew had some meaning in this country.

On top of that, Hitler added contemptuously: **"I want no Czechs in the Reich."**

And the invasion and dismemberment of Czechoslovakia followed.

There followed platitudes by the hundreds.

And when he was able to conjure up crocodile tears again:

"I want a peace memorial erected to my mind—not a war memorial."

After all that, however, he astounded us with his new set of demands—from Poland.

WHAT about all his promises that he would make no more territorial demands? Why, these were not territorial demands at all. All he wanted was "Lebensraum" (house-room), which was the same thing under a different name.

He lied a hundred times in the week leading up to the declaration of war. Remember his story that Poland had turned down peace terms when all the time they had never been presented to her.

He is lying still.

This man signs himself "A. Hitler."

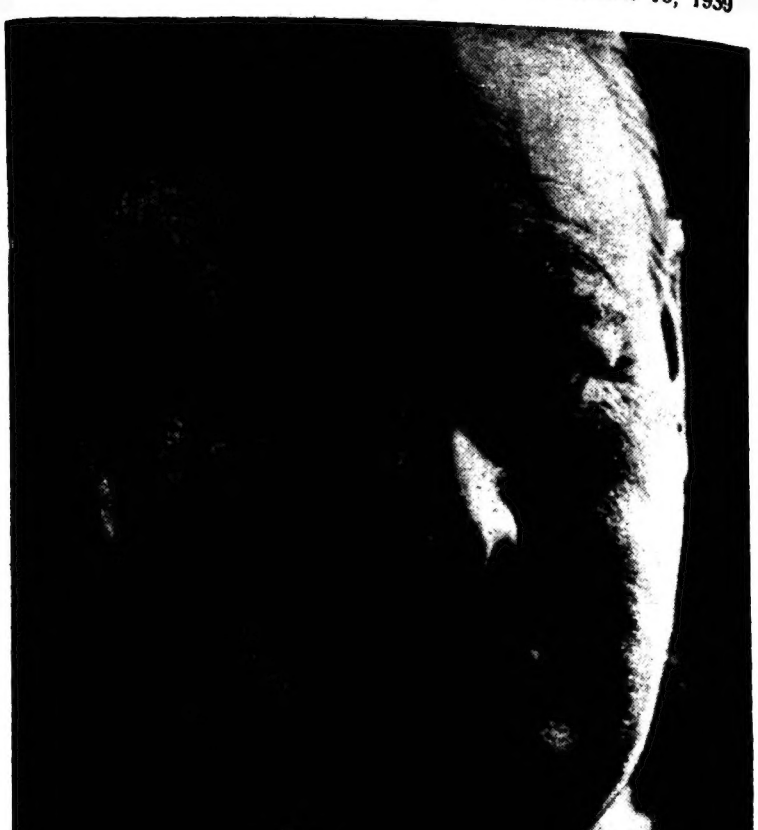
It is pointed out that if those letters are rearranged they make "The Liar."

How true it is of the man who told the real truth only once, and then when he admitted he had studied the technique of lying and had found that—

"Part of the secret of being believed rests in the size of your lie, since the broad masses of people will more easily be taken in by a big lie than a small one."

Open Letters

He'll Show the Navy's Teeth!



● *Old in years but not in mind, Churchill has the Navy's confidence. Now let him answer the filthy Nazi methods.*

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P.,
First Lord of the Admiralty

DEAR SIR,—We look to you for a speedy reply to the filthiness of Nazi warfare, and I believe we shall not look in vain.

Within a few hours of our entry into the conflict the full brutality of the militarists against whom you had long urged us to prepare became apparent to all the civilised world.

The sinking of the *Athenia* was more than an "outrage," as you described it to a House shocked into silence. There are no words adequate for that deliberate disaster.

Because we must keep calm, we cannot afford to dwell on the tragedy of mothers seeing their young children drown, of lifeboats capsizing in rough seas, of the U-boat firing at the ship's wireless as it was crackling out an SOS.

But we shall remember it. We shall avenge it.

We shall not abjure our honour by using our enemy's vile and inhuman methods. We shall go on as we have already begun—by sending our Navy to cripple enemy battleships, to capture their smaller vessels, by sinking their merchantmen after—and only then—we have sent their crews to safety.

That is the British tradition. It is your duty to fulfil it with the utmost determination and discretion.

I repeat, we shall not look to you in vain. I know how the men of the Fleet rejoice that you are again in command at the Admiralty. Believe me, the civil public shares their confidence.

And it trusts that the convoy system which you are preparing will soon be perfected—not only to protect our food routes but to prevent repetitions of the *Athenia* infamy.

By so doing, you will render a service to the whole world. For you will save Humanity from the depths of disgrace.—JOHN BULL.

Gen. VISCOUNT GORT, V.C., D.S.O., M.C.,
C.-in-C. British Field Forces

MY LORD,—On your new appointment I remember General Sir Ian Hamilton's remark when, nearly two years ago, you were given the post of Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

Said Sir Ian: "Thank God we are now under the command of a proper soldier and we shall not be shot sitting."

Your appointment shocked the armchair Blimps. For the job had always been reserved for men of the highest possible rank or extreme physical decrepitude. More than thirty full generals and field-marshals were passed over in your favour.

We know now how right and inspired was the choice that fell upon you.

In less than two years you have borne the active share in creating a British Army greater in numbers and trained efficiency than at the end of 1915. And infinitely superior in armament and equipment.

You have now left the desk to lead that Army in battle. Hitler, so he says, has put on his old field-grey uniform. You put on the mantle of Haig.

You know the machine—you have helped to build it. You know your men—you have chosen them. You know the enemy.

But, above all, you know what modern war means from the standpoint of the fighting soldier.

Your nickname "Tiger" is a good one for a Commander-in-Chief. And the work which earned it was good, too.

Now I wish you Godspeed in the best work you have ever undertaken—the smashing for ever of the most deadly gangsterism that ever pillaged nations or poisoned the life of humankind.—JOHN BULL.

INDEPENDENT SOCIALIST PARTY,
Germany

FRIENDS,—I address you thus because we are united in a struggle to rid the world of a cruel and overweening tyranny. The British people are fighting openly; you must, for the present, cloak your weapons with secrecy.

But we hardly need your assurance that the German workers and the German peasants did not want war.

We know, as you tell us in your smuggled message, that you have nothing in common with the Hitler régime and are appalled by the disaster into which a handful of bullies has led your country.

And you should hardly need my assurance that my fellow-countrymen—of all creeds and all political Parties—bear no ill-will against the German people. but will not rest until the scourge from which you have suffered is banished for ever.—JOHN BULL.

Signor MUSSOLINI,
Rome

DEAR DUCE,—Permit me to echo the tribute paid to you by the Prime Minister for your efforts to prevent a European war.

The official communique just issued in Rome proves the persistence and honesty with which you sought to mediate between Hitler and the Peace Front.

Even on the fateful morning of Saturday, September 2, you told Hitler that there was still the possibility of a conference, preceded by an armistice.

All the world knows the answer now. And it is fair that all the world should know how you used your immense influence for a just peace.

In that, I am convinced, you spoke for the entire Italian nation, and I trust that the new understanding between your people and ours will hasten a rightful settlement of the world's difficulties.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. SIR SAMUEL HOARE, M.P.,
Lord Privy Seal

DEAR SIR.—The black-out breakers must be stopped. Ample opportunity has been given to all—householders, motorists, and publicans—to conform to the regulations.

Now there must be rigorous prosecution of offenders, not only in the great cities but in towns and villages.

We cannot allow our security to be menaced by the thoughtlessness of a minority.—JOHN BULL.

Emir ABDULLAH,
Transjordan

YOUR HIGHNESS,—Your message that "the Arabs stand by Britain" will be welcomed by every Briton, and especially by those of us who remember the Near East Operations of the last war.

We know and admire the tenacity, valour and shrewdness of the great people for whom you speak.

We were convinced that the incessant and lying propaganda which the Germans scattered throughout the East in the last few years would fail. Now you have proved that it has indeed recoiled upon its infamous authors.—JOHN BULL.

Inspector PAUL,
N.S.P.C.C., Chester

DEAR INSPECTOR,—Yes, we need a curfew for children. The dangers that may befall them when running about the darkened streets are too obvious to be stressed.

But even war, it seems, cannot knock sense and responsibility into the heads of stupid parents.

Magistrates have no power to order the 8 p.m. curfew you suggest. So the Minister for Home Security should make a nation-wide appeal to parents and then if it is ignored, give to the Bench the right to impose penalties.—JOHN BULL.

The DIRECTORS,
Railway Companies

GENTLEMEN,—I have often attacked you bitterly in the past. And, as your old critic, I should like to be the first to congratulate you on the magnificent way you have met the demands made upon your organisation by the evacuation and later circumstances.

Some dislocation may be inevitable in air raids, but I am satisfied that you are exerting all your resources to ensure the smooth running of Britain's most vital transport service.

As for your staff, no praise could be too high for their good humour and tirelessness. Keep it up—and good luck to you!—JOHN BULL.

Alderman J. LANE,
Taunton Petty Sessions

YOUR WORSHIP,—I'm sorry you are so gravely alarmed because "young men of Militia camps" are allowed out late at night. You think of them as being little more than boys.

Well, the Militia is now part of the Army. And I cannot imagine N.C.O.s treating them as infants newly released from leading strings, seeing them safely tucked up in bed by eight o'clock, and bringing them nightlights and hot milk.

Nor can I believe that young men of twenty or twenty-one, now serving their country in its hour of greatest need, regard themselves as tender youngsters who should not accept evening leave lest they lose their way back to camp.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. B. HUDSON,
Chairman, Stroud, U.D.C.

DEAR SIR,—I'm glad to have your assurance that there is no water shortage in your part of the Cotswolds. But, as I said in a recent article, there is a serious deficiency in many West Country areas: in others, there is water pollution due to seeping from drainage systems.

This evil is, indeed, to be found elsewhere in Britain, and I hope that when this war has been won and our defenders are released for civil work we shall at last secure a national water grid that will banish for ever the twin perils of drought and flood. You, I am sure, will agree.—JOHN BULL.

There's No Hanky-Panky About Hankey!

He's a little man with a big brain

By Swaffer

LORD HANKEY is a man you would not notice anywhere, for he has always effaced himself with that humility of mien which is supposed to be possessed only by the most artful of all Fiction's private detectives. And now he emerges from one obscurity to another.

He is back from his chairmanship of the Suez Canal, where they paid him nearly £4,000 a year—back, too, from the board room of the Royal Insurance Company—to become a Minister without portfolio.

So at last he becomes a member of the Cabinet which for twenty years he served either as Chief of the Secretariat, Secretary of the Committee of Imperial Defence, or Clerk of the Privy Council.

A year ago he left his high place in Whitehall, giving a sherry-party to all the politicians whom he had served.

They included leading members of all parties, from Viscount Cecil and Lord Horne to Lord Hewart, Jim Thomas and George Barnes.

MIXING with the famous—L. G. and Neville and Winston—were typists and uniformed messengers; for they, too, were Hankey's guests.

It was the last gathering in an office where the deepest State secrets were stored, for shortly afterwards it was to be demolished.

The Prime Minister, proposing the health of the man of all the secrets, quoted Goldsmith:—

"And still they gaze, and still the wonder grew,
"That one small head could carry all he knew."

All through the 1914-1918 war he kept in his head—which was a veritable encyclopædia of facts and figures—more secrets than were known to any living man.

He was the ideal civil servant, a type produced only in this country, belonging to a class in whom, whatever the circumstance, the nation can impose its trust.

On no one else did such confidence repose.

It was incredible, when you gaze upon Hankey's seeming insignificance, that it was he who, in December, 1914, drew up for Asquith, then Prime Minister, a scheme for the use of new mechanical and armoured devices to force a passage through the wire entanglements and trenches.

This was, of course, the beginning of the Tank.

Then, in February, 1917, when German submarines had imperilled our food supply, he produced a memorandum supporting the younger naval officers who believed in the convoy system.

History will record how, at the end of 1914, Sir Maurice Hankey suggested what might have shortened war by months—the use of three Army corps for an attack on Constantinople, with the combined aim of knocking Turkey out of the war, adding the whole of the Balkan States into the Allied scale and opening a line of supply to Russia.

"That the conditions of success and the measures necessary were not fulfilled was no fault of Sir Maurice Hankey," the brilliant military correspondent of the *Times* has stated, "for he had pointed them out with a logic and clarity that may produce, in the historian, the reflection that here was the only expert adviser of the British Government at the time who had thought out the foundations of strategy."

Well, at the end of the war, they gave him £20,000, which, as someone has said, was "the biggest price ever paid for a hanky."

Yet, as a great politician once remarked, "If you saw Hankey on the street, you would think him an unimportant little Civil Service clerk, excepting, of course, that he would be walking faster than an unimportant little Civil Service clerk."

Mind you, Lord Hankey wears the old school tie. He wears a Rugby tie more proudly than any product of that famous school.

But, in spite of it, he became so brilliant, so trustworthy that, in the hour of its extremity, the nation has actually called upon him to become a member of the War Cabinet itself.

He started off well with the names of Maurice Paschel Alers, which somehow did not seem to fit his short stature and his large head.

Still early in life, he became an intelligence officer in the Mediterranean, and there he burrowed out innumerable secrets which, for the rest of his life, were a background of inside knowledge. There Fisher found him.

L. G. himself has told how, during the most heated hours of the Versailles Conference, when he and Clemenceau used to argue and storm for hours, they would end by completely disagreeing about everything and everybody.

That night, sitting up late, Sir Maurice would prepare, in his boyish handwriting, a long memorandum which found the way out.

So it was that both "the Tiger" and L. G., whenever they saw another battle coming, would agree, "Let's leave it to Hankey."

DURING the long war Sir Maurice moved among great generals, great admirals and great politicians with an unobtrusiveness they only noticed when they were in difficulty.

Then they would find him able to put in a clear memorandum something which seemed an insoluble perplexity.

Were he to write a book, it would have the largest sale after the Bible and Dickens.

People say, sometimes, that it has been recorded in innumerable notes and in diaries; but not for a century at least can it explode for all the world to hear.

Cabinets have come and gone—Liberal, Coalition, Conservative, Labour and National. Only Lord Hankey knows the inside secrets of them all: their problems, their quarrels, their friendships.

Only he saw them from the inside.

Yet, if you meet Lord Hankey, you think he doesn't know anything. He doesn't boast. He doesn't wear any kind of public personality. There's no hanky-panky about Hankey!

In Whitehall, during the grimmest hours of the four years' struggle, Sir Maurice was a joke because of his uniform. They said you could tell the time by his puttees, so badly were they put on.

"They always fall down at the same time," people said. "You can set your watch by them."

"He never lost his head," said one friend. "But then he never laid it on a pillow.

"How many hours in the twenty-four he worked during the War is a secret between himself and his doctor.

"And he organised even his dreams in the national interests."

WELL, if this week you are walking down Whitehall, and you see a man who, more than anybody else, looks as though he is going out to buy a pair of boots, well, that will be Lord Hankey going to a meeting of the War Cabinet.

He first met Neville Chamberlain when L. G. brought the latter from Birmingham, where he was Lord Mayor, to become Director General of National Service. Some people thought Neville efficient. Some differed. But, anyway, he made only a small reputation in those days.

Indeed, it was not until December, 1918, in the famous coupon election, that Neville became an M.P. Even then, it took him four years to become Postmaster-General.

Sir Kingsley Wood was merely a member of the L.C.C. He, too, entered Parliament first in the coupon election.

As for Lord Halifax, he was plain Edward Wood, a cavalry colonel. Sir Samuel Hoare, another member of the War Cabinet, soldiered in the Great War until Kitchener, hearing that he had learned Russian while invalided, sent him to St. Petersburg to organise Intelligence.

It will be Winston, I should think, to whom Hankey will find himself nearest. For, just as Hankey championed Tanks, so did Churchill.

Just as Churchill had plans for the Bosphorus, so did Hankey.

They are both men of ideas.

Churchill has been blamed for some things, Hankey never—because in Hankey's case, only people right inside knew what he did and how he did it.

FOR thirty years he never made a speech, and then he made just a few. One or two were made in 1934 during an Empire tour, which he insisted was purely private, although nobody believed it. One was delivered on the air last December.

Then there was one in the House of Lords when, last July, he spoke in the Upper House, urging the use, in diet, of more milk, eggs and vegetables.

"This is the new science of nutrition," he said. "It is the basis of a new charter of life and hope for the people.

"It all sounds too easy. There must be some catch. The real catch is in ourselves. To get people to change their habits of feeding is harder than persuading Naaman to try bathing seven times in the Jordan, to cure his leprosy."

Mind you, Hankey made one very grave mistake. During the Arms Commission, he, although a Civil Servant, actually went along to give evidence as a champion of private arms-making.

Yet at least it was honest. It was what he thought. That stands to his credit.

We can all trust Lord Hankey, in these days of national determination, to remain utterly reliable, utterly conscientious and utterly loyal.

For he is loyal to himself. And, as a man, he stands for honesty of purpose.

These people of Czechoslovakia marched to show their hatred of Hitler before he seized their country. They still hate him...

OUR ALLIES in the REICH

Mr. Charles Cullen, English-born manager of Vienna's largest departmental store, was on holiday in Moravia when the cannon began to speak.

After long residence in Central Europe, he was accepted as a German and allowed to return from Czechoslovakia to Austria. From there, without much difficulty, he was able to get to the Belgian frontier.

Then, with the help of a British Secret Service officer, he was smuggled across the flank of the Western Front and set on his way to London.

On this page Mr. Cullen points to the biggest chink in Hitler's armour. His record of events in Czechoslovakia and Austria in the first days of the war may prove of great historical significance.

For these countries are now sealed from the rest of the world.

LESS than a fortnight ago I had a tennis appointment at Brno, the capital of Moravia. My partner was to be Colonel Handrik Frick, nephew of Dr. Wilhelm Frick, who has become a member of the Council of Six now ruling Germany in Hitler's absence.

Colonel Frick is a director of the German Army Intelligence Service. He was in Brno ostensibly on furlough.

His real mission was to supply reports to the Berlin General Staff on the possibility of revolt in this part of Czechoslovakia after Hitler went to war.

Our tennis match did not take place. When I explain why, you will be able to judge the nature of the reports which Col. Frick is now sending to Berlin.

On the night before the game was due, Frick was distraught.

He had already told me, earlier in the day, that 400,000 troops of the German army had taken possession of Slovakia as a base for operations against Poland in the drive to Cracow.

That information in itself was not surprising, nor was it responsible for his distress of mind. We had been expecting it for several days.

The cause of Frick's mental distraction was that he had been informed by telephone from the Slovakian capital of Bratislavia, ninety miles away, that the first German sweep through Slovakia had failed in its main purpose. This was, of course, to disarm the Slovakian army.

OVERNIGHT, great sections of that army had disarmed themselves. When ordered by the Germans to surrender their machine guns, rifles and revolvers, the soldiers said stolidly that they did not possess such things—nor ammunition for them.

You can guess what had happened.

The light armament of the Slovakian army had disappeared because it had been collected and hidden as soon as the first German forces crossed the frontier.

Hidden for future use!

For use when the chance comes, as come it will, to rise against the Nazi invaders from the rear.

Colonel Frick had no compunction in revealing the reality of this menace to me. He regarded me as a good German.

Not an unnatural mistake. I had been in business in Germany and Austria so long that few of my closest associates, even in Vienna, were aware that I am a Briton.

"Heavens!" Frick exclaimed. "This means that Germany will have to keep a whole army corps inside Slovakia for police duty to hold down these people. "Our defeat would be almost certain if they were able to strike at us from behind. It would be as dangerous as a military thrust at our back and flank from the direction of Rumania."

I learned in the next few days that officers and senior N.C.O.s of the Slovakian army had been arrested by the thousand and subjected to torture because they would not tell where the vast quantities of missing arms and ammunition had been secreted.

They faced the firing squads in scores.

They would not tell because they could not. Only a few people know where the arms have gone, and they are not likely to be suspect.

Plans had been long laid in Slovakia for this rapid disappearance of the troops' weapons as soon as the German army appeared. The arsenals where they are stored will not be unmasked until the signal is given for the people to rally.

Not until six days after my abandoned tennis match with Colonel Frick did I see him again.

Then he told me that he had been rushed to Slovakia to organise protective measures against sabotage of the German army.

Among the incidents he related were that 300 German infantrymen were in hospital at Trenchin, fifty miles away, suffering from food poisoning. He had reports that thousands more in other areas were casualties from the same cause. Many had died.

The Germans, whose supply system had broken down, emptied the provision shops as they went through the country. The shopkeepers expected that—and had tampered with the foodstuffs.

In the hospitals, also, were numerous German soldiers burned with corrosive fluid which had been thrown in their faces.

BUT the heaviest stroke against the invaders was delivered when they seized the petrol stocks. Everywhere water had been put in the spirit—with the result that in a few hours the roads were littered with broken-down transport columns.

Remember that these acts of anger and obstruction were committed against an enemy which could exact terrible revenge.

Think then what is likely to happen when the hour arrives for a rising—when the secret stores of weapons are distributed to the people to win their liberation!

The Slovaks wait with a purpose that may alter the course of the war and history.

About three o'clock in the morning after Frick's return he entered my bedroom and advised me to leave for Vienna. In two and a half hours, he said, Hitler would give the order for the German armies to attack.

IT was only a three hours' journey to Vienna. I had not been back in the city for more than thirty minutes before I saw the clearest evidence that all was not well in Nazidom.

Calling at the office of Herr Gultz, administration director of the Nazi Party there and my friend for twenty years, I saw on his desk a poster printed in Nazi-brown ink. It read:

CITIZENS OF THE REICH!
YOUR FUEHRER IS DETERMINED THAT PEACE TERMS WILL BE DICTATED IN LONDON, NOT WARSAW.

"It is war then?" I asked.

He nodded. "Began ten hours ago, but don't mean to let the Austrian people know until mid-day to-morrow."

I pointed to the poster.

"Two million of these are now being printed," he explained. "They will appear to-morrow morning in every parish in Austria—to prepare them for the shock that Britain and France will fight."

Gultz winked as he said those last words. He knew I should understand the significance of what he was saying. Starving Austria was already trembling with projected mutiny.

A moment later he confided that in a few hours the first contingent of 25,000 military Gestapo men would arrive in Vienna.

"To stop these pigs' nonsense," he remarked with a gesture of his hand towards the window and the throngs in the main street below.

I say definitely that Hitler went to war because he knew that all through Austria rebellion was brewing.

I say also from my deep knowledge of events and opinion that Austria will rise as soon as the tide of war begins to turn against Hitler.

Slave labour of thirteen hours daily, the shifting of workers from place to place, wage cutting, the transfer of Austria's harvest and best foodstocks to Germany—these have provoked the people to breaking point.

But more than that. In the week war broke out they were boiling with rage because the full measure of graft and corruption among their German-Nazi overlords had been nakedly revealed.

In the hour the war started the populace was in a fever heat of anger against Ribbentrop, Goebbels and Himmler.

It was discovered—and the news spread like a lightning flash—that these three scoundrels had, only a week before, confiscated the title deeds of whole streets of Vienna's most valuable property, and had the ownership transferred to themselves personally.

So that, when money ceases to have any value in Germany, these three robbers may have real estate fortunes in Austria to fall back upon!

The war had been 36 hours in progress when a remarkable change took place in the Austrian people. They became cold and sullen and defiant.

THE wives and fathers and mothers of Austria had just learned that their conscripted husbands and sons had been chosen as the cannon fodder of the German army—the troops who were to be sacrificed in the first assaults against the defence of Poland.

"A signal honour to Austria," was the callous official German explanation.

That afternoon the towns of Austria were placarded with more Nazi posters. They announced:—

YOUR FUEHRER HAS GONE TO THE FRONT.

Next morning red printed slips appeared below all these posters. They read:—

SHOOT THE DOG ON SIGHT!

In frenzy, the Gestapo men rounded up thousands of people on whom could be fixed the responsibility for this first open signal of revolt against Hitler. I saw them being marched in columns to the concentration camps.

That day I left Vienna.

Knowing that, before I see the city again, there will be prisoners of another kind in those concentration camps.

The Battle of Babel

The writer of this article, a man of many languages, is spending his days beside a radio set listening to the wireless war

FOR more than a week, my journalistic duty has been to listen during the greater part of each day and night to the war of the wireless waves.

By twiddling knobs on a dial, I have been able to hear nearly all the first great Battle of Babel.

If I had been doing that in Germany, I should be liable to imprisonment and even execution. If you were there and passed on any of the information in this article, you, too, would be slung into a concentration camp.

For the Nazis know that their slaves, once allowed free thought and free speech, would rise and smash them.

Already a number of Germans are awaiting "several years in prison for listening to foreign lies."

Daily I have heard the announcer of the Berlin home news service begging his hearers not to tune in their sets to any but German stations.

HIS tones are so urgent that I suspect they are arousing curiosity in the German people. Instead of deterring them, these persistent appeals and threats may egg them on.

This overthoroughness, this ignorance of elementary psychology, is displayed in most of the other Nazi broadcasts, home and foreign, to which I have listened.

For example, in broadcasting denials of Mr. Chamberlain's recent announcements, and in their anxiety to pour scorn on each separate point, they have—bit by bit—quoted in full the very speeches they have been trying to suppress!

They tell you in one breath that Marshal Smigly-Ridz has relinquished command of the Polish forces, and in the next deny that he has scored a success in a certain sector!

They display the same mental muddle by denying the French and British broadcasts in German, but trying hard to smother them at the same time!

Keeping quiet about the French Army's steady thrust into western Germany, they bellow long "extracts" from obscure South American and Balkan newspapers—all designed to prove that the world is amazed at bellicose Britain's attitude towards peaceful Naziland.

I THOUGHT, as my wireless set gave me example after example of that kind, that this entitles us to claim the first victories in the war of the wireless waves.

Contrast the German position with our own. If, like me, you have European languages at your command, you can make a radio tour of the whole Continent.

You can hear the Germans broadcasting in French, the Poles using the German language, and all kinds of neutrals stating their case.

At first, in this confusion, I sometimes found it difficult to determine the origin of a broadcast. But I soon discovered how to be certain of at least the Nazi stations.

In whatever language they were broadcasting, their tones were so impassioned and theatrical that I might have been listening to a barnstorming actor in a blood-and-thunder melodrama.

They all seem to be copying the radio tones of Adolf the Ranter. . . .

Indeed, I believe it is true that the peace-time announcers of German stations have been removed for the duration and replaced by actors talented in reciting even a market report as if it were a martial passage from Shakespeare.

"They think they can separate the German people from their Fuehrer," I heard one of these voices sob—yes, literally sob.

It was easy to imagine that the owner of the voice was wide-eyed with horror at such a fantastic thought, until one remembered the news—from neutral countries, remember—of widespread unrest in German towns.

THIS tear-jerker was followed by a famous German actor broadcasting a personal message to Bernard Shaw, and reminding the Irish sage of many things he had written in the past about the English.

Some of the epigrams were bitter—though witty.

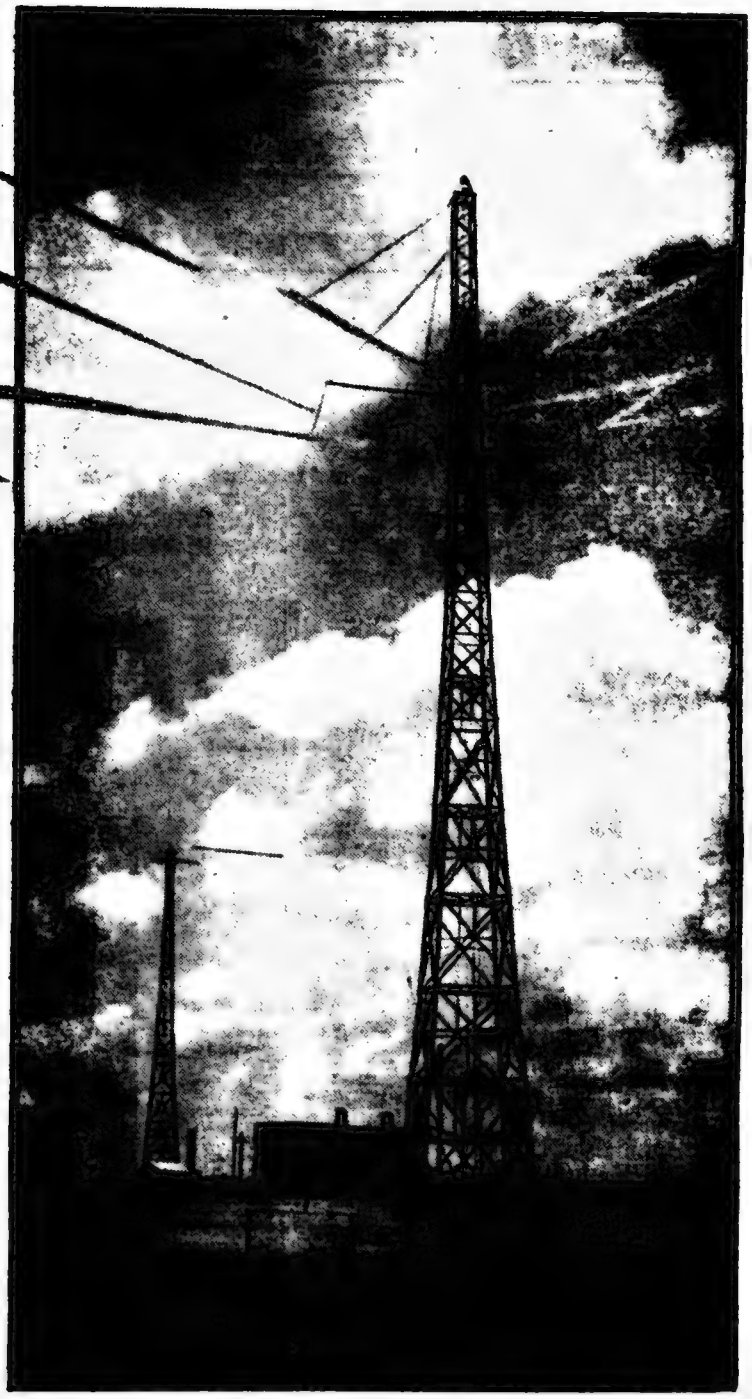
But our Government doesn't have to stop our citizens listening to such scathing criticism. It has the sense to realise that the British like to laugh at themselves.

Only the man who is conscious of error is afraid of criticism.

When the German announcers dealt with the new tax increases, their impassioned tones changed to back-slapping heartiness.

"Isn't it *grand?*" they seemed to be saying. "We are all to be privileged to pay twice as much of that nice income tax as we paid last year!"

So far, I think, the wireless-war honours rest with the French.



● Britain's radio masts spread the quiet voice of fact . . .

Again and again they have played records of Hitler's speeches.

"Do you remember this?" they ask their German listeners. There follows the Fuehrer's own voice asserting, "I have no more territorial demands to make in Europe," or a similar pledge that he has dishonoured.

Above all this conflict of war talk, the neutrals are finding it difficult to make themselves heard.

But each of them keeps repeating, in all the languages of the globe, its intention of remaining out of the struggle.

I heard the Dutch broadcasts on this subject. When I switched back to Berlin the Nazis had already transformed this declaration into one of firm sympathy and friendship for Germany and bitter hostility to the Allies.

Their hate campaign against us in the Scandinavian languages is equally virulent. And, of course, stories of Polish atrocities are poured out in a continual stream.

They are just the same stories that were put out during the Spanish war.

When I have grown tired of them, I have switched back to the voices I regard as the most significant of all in this war of words.

They are voices which most of us had believed were silenced for ever—the voices of German men who have led an invisible Opposition to Hitler inside and outside Germany.

Every day, recently, more of these Nazi-haters have taken up their posts at radio stations. In their own language they tell the German people the Truth.

German Socialists, exiled Austrians, Czechs who have escaped Hitler's clutches—they are all speaking again with the accents of sincerity.

No wonder the Nazis are developing their special radio squads, whose task is to chase all foreign broadcasts and drown them with a flood of opera music!

And that brings us to the musical war.

You all know that the B.B.C. continues to believe that generous portions of chamber music will help us to win the war.

BUT the Nazis have even queerer tastes. They are going in for all the more lugubrious excerpts from German operas.

I have an idea that this is either an attempt to pay homage to Hitler's musical tastes, or else an indication that the Fuehrer has himself ordered for the nation the morbid music which he is supposed to love.

And, after all that, what a relief it is to turn back to the British news service.

That quiet, unemotional, cultured voice is the best propaganda we could issue to the world, because there is no propaganda in it.

It speaks of a Britain that is calm and sure of itself. It confines itself to facts, and shuns purple passages.

Above all the ranting and raving, this whisper emerges louder than any other voice.

Among Britain's united millions are just a handful of column-dodgers. They must be rounded up

DOWN with the DODGERS!

An example of the almost invariable reception given to evacuated children—smiles and kindliness. The few selfish people will not be able to blot the countryside's wonderful record of humanity

STRAGGLERS!

When the nation is so obviously united it seems almost preposterous to talk of them.

But they do exist. Not many, but enough to call for instant exposure. And JOHN BULL intends to flay them.

These Fifth Column dodgers are not fit young men entrenching themselves in safe positions so that they can evade active service when called on. There are some of this type, certainly, but they will be quickly levelled out.

In this war **PETTY MEANNESS** is the stigma of the shirkers.

People, for example, who are taking advantage of the nightly black-out to pass bad coins on conductors in the darkened buses.

Possibly these skunks would be horrified if you called them traitors—but when the whole country is mobilised in the great cause we have undertaken that is what they are.

Just as despicable are householders in safe areas who are resorting to various subterfuges to avoid taking evacuees from the crowded cities.

The great bulk of families throughout the country have been only too willing and anxious to take children, old folk and invalids into their homes. That is why the selfish few must be held up to public contempt.

Cunning

Drastic new powers, rightly conferred on Ministers, exist to deal with them. Already some offenders, like a woman at Caernarvon, North Wales, who was fined £25, have been made to realise that they cannot escape their duty.

Still, there are instances where great cunning is being used to sidestep the law.

Houses with ample accommodation for billeting have been passed over because the occupiers have pleaded that they had already made arrangements to take families with children from London and other places.

Reports are reaching JOHN BULL that the same families are booked as war guests at various houses in the same seaside resorts!

That is the kind of miserable trick by which some of the minority of shirkers are slipping through the regulations. A number of them get together and arrange it between themselves. Now that the first rush is over, billeting officials will be able to devote more time to checking up the available accommodation. Where they find, as they undoubtedly will do, that there have been evasions in this and other ways the offenders must be punished in the way they deserve.

JOHN BULL will not hesitate to expose any cases which come to its notice.

The introduction shortly of rationing regulations will stop the meanness of food stragglers. Meanwhile, some shopkeepers—again, fortunately, only a few—are trying to bluff the public.

A Nottingham woman's experience shows what is being attempted in some places.

Grocery Ramp

She went to her usual shop, the day after war was declared, to buy sugar. Her order was for six pounds—the quantity she usually purchased. She was told that she could have it only if she bought tea.

For every two pounds of sugar she would have to buy a quarter of a pound of tea!

It happened that she used a special brand of tea not stocked at this shop. So she left without the sugar—which she was able to obtain, of course, without any trouble from another shop close by.

The woman is not allowing the matter to end there.

Certain firms who are profiteering in A.R.P. materials are just as definitely in the stragglers' gang, too.

When the rush for black paper and cloth and drawing pins, in particular, began, prices leapt up. In some cases they were more than trebled.

The Lord Mayor of Cardiff promised a prompt and strict enquiry when the matter was raised at a City Council meeting. At Leeds the price of black cloth increased from 1s. 9d. a yard to 2s. 6d. in less than a week.

Exploited!

There is not the slightest excuse for this inflation of prices. It is sheer profiteering and should be reported at once to local authorities.

Some retail food traders have tried to exploit the situation by advising customers to register with them immediately. It is inferred that this step will help customers when rationing begins.

That ruse has been promptly scotched by the Food (Defence Plans) Department, which points out that registration with a retail shop for the purposes of the rationing scheme will be done when the scheme is introduced.

Advance registration, it is made clear, will not be effective. So wait until the rationing documents are issued before you do anything!

The Government is determined that this time there shall be no profiteering; the public can help by boycotting the dodgers' shops.

Probably the meanest of all the stragglers are the self-important and cantankerous folk who deliberately make the work of wardens and other A.R.P. officers more difficult.

There are still people who are not properly obscuring lights in their homes or places of business.

Great patience has been shown by the authorities where the deficiency has been unintentional. But some offenders, truculent and abusive when asked to conform to the regulations, have had to be dealt with in the courts.

One man, whose windows were not covered except for a thin curtain, actually turned on his lights again after they had been put out by a policeman who entered the house after a hostile crowd had gathered outside.

The fine of 40s. imposed by the Clerkenwell magistrate was, in our view, light punishment.

Worse still was the exhibition of a Stratford labourer who was let off with a fine of £5 for obstructing air raid wardens.

He walked into a school where respirators for babies were being distributed on the Sunday morning when Britain went to war.

Asked to take his turn in the queue of applicants he pushed the wardens on one side, overturned a form, and grabbed a respirator shouting: "Help yourselves; I'm going to."

It's Sabotage

Such ruffians can no more be tolerated nowadays than the people who stole black curtains and blinds from a large section of large business premises in London—a theft that is tantamount to sabotage.

The French Government has not wasted much time in dealing with black-out thieves.

Lastly comes the traditional kind of war time dodger—the young man seeking a Government office job in the hope that he will be allowed to stay there when his category is called up for military service.

This vexed problem of the last war is in an entirely different perspective now.

Work at home by the men specially qualified to do it is every bit as important as service in one of the Fighting Forces.

The mistake of denuding vital home duties of experts will not be made this time.

Ability First

But this doesn't mean that the sinecure seeker must not be watched.

Special ability, and that alone, should be the basis on which men are selected for work in the various new Government departments that are being created and expanded.

Other things being equal, men who are outside the ages laid down for military service should be chosen first of all.

There must be no possible ground for suspicion that these jobs are given to younger men through the influence of powerful friends.

It will be the urgent duty of Parliament to secure a Cabinet pledge that this grave scandal of the last war is not to be renewed.

Britain must come first; each must give to the uttermost.

That is the spirit which animates the whole country.

And the few laggards must be given no quarter!

A warning has been issued that anyone entering a building to commit a burglary during an air raid alarm will be liable to the death penalty.

Sir Wyndham Childs' Weekly Warnings

-AND WITH THE VULTURES!

New ramps and dodges will be springing up. Scandals of a different kind will come to your notice and they will need to be exposed and dealt with as in ordinary times.

So I want you to write and tell me at once of anything you consider requires investigation.

Give concise details and send all relevant documents if you can.

Each week £1 1s. is paid to the sender of information judged to be most valuable.

This week the payment is being made to Mr. R. W. Ling, of 126, Peabody Road, South Farnborough, Hants.

Mark your envelopes "Public Benefactor," and address to me at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I open all letters personally.

Sir Wyndham Childs will track down the "emergency tricksters"

DON'T imagine that the crooks and fee-snatching bluffers I warn you about will disappear.

Most of them, in fact, will regard wartime as their heyday. So you need to keep a sharper look-out than ever for their tricks.

One of the first to cash in on the war of nerves is an anonymous trickster, the mysterious "Intrepidus," of 28, Lawn Avenue, Doncaster.

The following advertisement appeared in a provincial newspaper:

"War of Nerves!—If you would win this contest and have perfect self-control and confidence in all times of stress and strain—send 2s. 6d. postal order (no further charge) and stamped addressed envelope."

Those who foolishly sent half a crown to "Intrepidus" received a small printed slip. Judge its value for yourself. Here is the half-crown's worth:

THE SECRET OF SELF-CONFIDENCE.

Stand erect but not stiffly. Breathe deeply but without lifting the shoulders. Deep abdominal breathing is the thing. This makes you feel as if you had inflated your stomach. Then press outwards the front of the stomach easily and gently. Keep it in this position and you will thus balance the nerve centre which governs the emotions. Thus you will kill at once all stage fright, nervous agitation and fear generally.

"Intrepidus," the mystery man of Doncaster, should be run out of the town.

Well, his is one of the new dodges. But many of the old hands are working with renewed energy. The "free" enlargement cheats, for example.

Their dodge had become so well known that they were beginning to have a thin time.

Their Trick

Now with so many husbands, sons and daughters away from home they will try to trade on sentiment, always their ace card.

Already reports are reaching me of the almost feverish activities of their touts.

"Have you anyone serving with the Forces?" is the new doorstep approach.

In these days that makes a sure stepping-off point for the cleverly disguised proposition.

There are many variations, but behind them all the bait is the supposed offer of an enlargement of a photograph free or at a ridiculously cheap price. A special advertising scheme is the usual explanation of this generous gesture.

A form—just a formality!—is flourished slickly for those who fall to sign on the dotted line.

WHEN THE ENLARGEMENT, OFTEN A TAWDRY PRODUCTION, COMES ALONG THERE IS A CHARGE OF A GUINEA OR MORE FOR A CHEAP FRAME WORTH ABOUT TWO SHILLINGS.

Protest only brings the suave reply that the householder had signed a form undertaking to buy the frame. If they refuse to pay, ruthless bullying is resorted to, and the threat is made that unless the money is handed over the photograph from which the enlargement was made, often a cherished possession, will not be returned.

That is nonsense, of course. These rogues can be compelled to return the photographs, but many people, rather than have any bother, pay up.

Newest angle of the ramp is to offer an oil painting in the same way.

It's a shabby trick and one against which I particularly caution readers now. The only safeguard is to shut the door in the face of all such callers. You may be sure there will be swarms of them.

Another pest that will be as troublesome as ants in these days is the fortune-telling humbug.

They will pose in all manner of guises—from clairvoyants to lucky charm sellers.

Their nonsense is wicked enough in normal times, but now, with so many households naturally anxious, it becomes a despicable business.

A start was made even before war broke out. In Swansea a woman who was persuaded to pay for a crystal reading was told that her soldier husband had gone overseas, but would return safely.

By the next post she heard that her husband was in hospital at his military depot.

That is the kind of trash with which these bogus seers will try to delude people and fleece them of fees ranging from 2s. 6d. to £1 1s. in the process.

In the form of skilful advertisements, plausibly worded pamphlets and by letter, the snare will be tempting, but anyone who bothers with it will be exceedingly foolish. By ignoring all these offers of "guidance" you will save yourself money and needless worry.

A.R.P. Racket

BEWARE, TOO, OF THE MAN WHO CALLS AND ASSURES YOU HE CAN MAKE A GOOD JOB, CHEAPLY, OF YOUR BLACK-OUT ARRANGEMENTS.

He will explain most convincingly that wholesalers from whom he usually receives supplies on credit now require cash for dark cloth and he must ask the householder for a deposit.

That's the last heard of him, and it is astonishing how many persons are taken in by the ruse. A number of scoundrels are working it throughout the country.

It is one of the most widespread of the A.R.P. rackets. But the trickster, who is ever on the look-out for any new way of rooking the public, is devising ideas every day.

The special first-aid medicine chest is being generally exploited. Here again some people have been silly enough to pay doorstep touts in advance for an outfit like the useful-looking sample produced. It never comes and the address given proves to be fictitious.

Gold Ramp

In other cases where the chest is handed over by the salesmen it is found to contain an almost worthless collection of first-aid remedies and a plentiful supply of shavings.

There are, of course, excellent outfits being sold by reputable firms, but these are not hawked from door to door.

A request for money to buy materials is also the dodge of the very enterprising-looking man who offers to build a shelter in your garden.

There are many of his kind about and again it is almost incredible how much cash they rake in. Once they have secured the deposit they disappear.

You will be bombarded with requests to sell any old gold articles you may still have. The men in this racket often impudently give the impression that they represent the Government in some way and play on patriotism to make people accept prices far below the real value.

Country houses and cottages are their favourite ground. Turn all the swindlers away, and if you have any old gold to sell take it to established dealers at your nearest town. They will give you a fair deal.

Many families, quite naturally, are looking for new, temporary homes away from the crowded town and city areas.

They are being preyed on by the bogus house agents who until now have robbed people over the holiday bungalows and cottages which existed only in their imagination.

Quickly they have changed over their advertisements to something like: "A.R.P. Quiet, well-furnished bungalow in Cornish village. Reasonable terms."

Be on your guard. Usually when you write for details you will be asked to send a deposit of about £2 2s. Then you are given the vaguest particulars of the residence and end up by finding that the "house agent" has flown from the address given on his impressive-looking notepaper.

This ramp is being practised extensively.

It is harvest time, too, for the ordinary sneak thief. Usually he tries to get into houses or the rooms of guests at private hotels by various pretexts to pillage anything he can lay hands on.

Now it is easier than ever for him, as the most elementary precautions are ignored.

Typical is the method used by a man named Howard Darby Keith, who put up at a Kensington hotel the other day.

He went round the hotel treating the gas-masks of fellow-guests with what he said was an anti-dimming preparation. In this way he entered various rooms. He was caught stealing and was sent to jail for six weeks' hard labour by the Marylebone magistrate.

There will be hundreds like him trying the same trick. They will have a bagful of excuses for entering your house—so be careful. These crooks can always be frustrated if people insist on seeing credentials.

In fact, simple common-sense precautions should stave off the wiles of all these wartime tricksters. Surest remedy is to send all doorstep bargain wizards packing.

Referring to our issue of JOHN BULL of August 19 last, and the information given on page 16 thereof concerning Mr. Walter Bullock, a member of the Eaton Square Club, London, we have since received further particulars with regard to the matters there mentioned, and we are satisfied as to Mr. Bullock's bona fides. We now tender our apologies to him for any annoyance the article may have caused him.

BRICKS
Bricks are dull because the surface is rough and cannot reflect light. Dirt clings to this uneven surface, and bricks soon become dark and dingy.

Harsh toothpastes make the surface of your teeth as rough as bricks . . . . Dirt clings; teeth get dingy.

The scratches and tiny holes made in the enamel of your teeth by harsh toothpastes, may be too small to see with the naked eye. But they're there all right! You can tell by the dull look of teeth, and the way dark smears and bits of food cling to the rough surface.

Change to Gibbs! Gibbs is made to take care of the easily scratched enamel. And Gibbs cleansing foam sweeps into all the little cracks. It removes stains and sticky bits of food. Then washes them away. Gibbs makes teeth cleaner, whiter than anything else can, Makes them shine. Keeps them safe from decay. So . . . change to Gibbs today.

Give your teeth a SHINE with

Gibbs DENTIFRICE

Standard size, in original case, 6d (*reduced from 7½d*).
Large size, in art-ivory case, 1/- ; *Refills 9d (reduced from 11d).*

Prices U.K. only

YOUR TEETH ARE IVORY CASTLES—DEFEND THEM WITH GIBBS DENTIFRICE

W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.1. GD1865

SIGN TO-DAY

JOHN BULL

Hand this Form to Your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

.....

Date..... .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 16/9/39.

CUT HERE

Post this Form to

"John Bull," Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.....

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A Certificate setting out the full Benefits and Conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B. 16/9/39.

BEER IS BEST...

Now for — but you know so well. The flavour of hops against the palate. The rich goodness of barley-malt re-building and re-heartening you. Beer! Call it stout, ale, bitter, mild, what are the grand things of life—*without beer?*

STICK TO

BEER

Defence Line No. 4

Our series, "The Good Earth," concludes with an appeal to all Britain

THE Good Earth. . . .

We chose those words as the title of a new JOHN BULL series of articles a month ago. Our idea was to tackle farmers at work in their fields, ask them to answer the question: "What is wrong with British agriculture?"

Farmers talk so much more readily on their own broad acres than over conference tables.

But now those words "The Good Earth" have a new significance.

German U Boats have been reported refuelling in the Dutch Indies. Others, it is believed, are being served by German oil tankers at various secret rendezvous.

A British passenger liner has been torpedoed, its non-combatant passengers fired on cold-bloodedly.

The Good Earth of Britain becomes our fourth fighting service, as it did in the last war.

And not merely the farms of Britain, with which our articles were to deal.

Saving Lives

The allotment holders of the country have a big part to play in keeping our naval power supreme.

In the last war it was the people who packed our allotments with food, winter and summer alike, who dug up railway banks and didn't hesitate to let carrots and turnips oust flowers from their front gardens, and who thereby helped to drive our victory home.

They grew the produce which otherwise would have had to be brought from abroad at a cost of thousands of lives.

And the ships and men thus released put that stranglehold on Germany which eventually won us the war.

Well, we've got to do it again. And your little bit of Britain's Good Earth has got to play its part.

Remember that we have four and a half million more mouths to feed than in 1914 and—we have stressed this for years, and will try not to repeat it for the duration of the war

Rough work at first. But soon they will be growing food and saving seamen's lives.

—fewer merchant ships to bring the food to them.

And fewer allotments.

It took 1,600,000 allotmenteers to beat the U Boats in the last war. And we've got probably fewer than half a million allotments now.

What is more, they are so much smaller on the whole. The fall in acreage has been even more alarming than the fall in numbers.

By 1920, for instance, we were down to 1,330,000 allotments, working 164,000 acres; by 1930 to 964,000 holders and 146,000 acres; by 1937 to 592,450 holders and 58,000 acres.

Woolwich turned the plots into parklands, Dulwich into sports grounds, Cardigan into cricket grounds, some three hundred authorities into building estates—this when there was waste land in plenty to be had in the localities!

South-East London took away the plots that men had been cultivating twenty years. Mersey Mount, near Liverpool, swept away allotments that had been yielding food for forty years—took them from men who, in the last war, had used them to beat Germany.

Year after year we have been saying that we should need these allotments again some day, and our words have come true.

Still, that's history. We shall indulge in no more such criticisms while war is on.

The duty for each and every one of us, in every hour that can be spared from our other national duties, is to dig.

Spadework

We must dig in the villages and we must dig in the cities.

Not without reason was the job of seedsman made a reserved occupation on Friday of last week!

Every spare acre must be put to the spade.

The Ministry of Agriculture aims at doing four years' work in one—to increase the area of farmland under cultivation by a million and a half acres before next Spring.

Excellent. We hope it will leave him time to assure allotment holders that never again will he permit them to be evicted unceremoniously, as they have been in the past, and that he will find plots for the millions who are aching to develop them.

Meanwhile, get out your own spade.

Your seedsman will tell you what to do.

We tackled one within a stone's throw of our office. He showed us a wide range of seeds that we could sow at once.

He assured us we could sow carrots, turnips, lettuces, broccoli, spinach, onions, and much else besides with a certainty that we should be gathering crops this winter and for a long time ahead.

He'll Tell You

The turnips might not "balloon" quite as well as they would when planted in the Spring, he said, but that would mean more turnip-tops—"and, my dear sir," he added, smacking his lips, "have you ever tasted turnip-tops fresh from the garden?"

We are not going to tell you what to do with the seeds, for seeds differ.

Your own seedsman knows his own stuff best.

And, seeing that the Government has told him he is doing work of national service, he is waiting in his shop anxious to help you.

So go now—and don't be afraid of raising the question of your front garden.

Said the seedsman we interviewed: "Have you ever seen a nice border of carrots? What lovely frilly leaves they have? A little circle of daffodils set among them, and what more do you want?"

That's the spirit.

That's the spirit we've all got to acquire.

Dig Now!

So strike this blow for Britain——

In every square yard of your soil that's in a condition to be sown at once, put in seed for your winter needs.

Then look at your lawns and other parts of your gardens that can't be cultivated immediately and decide how much you can spare to food-raising.

Then get that spade and dig!

Meanwhile, pester your local authority if it is lax in meeting the needs of allotmenteers.

Remind it of those big tracts of council ground that are running to thistles.

Tell it that if it supplies the land you'll do the digging.

You may safely leave the Ministry of Agriculture to be gingered by us.

Anyhow, dig—and tell your neighbour.

And then dig again.

Even though you may know nothing about gardening you should be able to make a piece of land 20 yards by 8 keep three people in vegetables from Spring to midwinter.

And, what is more, you'll be helping to fight off the U Boats with your spades

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"Greatest of These"

Ill, No Job, No Pension

LATELY the "Greatest of These Fund" has been more generous than it can afford, because we find it heartbreaking to refuse the stricken families who have begged for help.

That is why we ask readers to listen to the typical case of Mr. Harry Pearson, of Leeds, and then send us every penny they can spare.

Pearson served throughout the Great War, was wounded and gassed, and now is afflicted with heart disease.

He has suffered terribly through unemployment. Without any pension, he has to keep his wife and four children—all under ten years old and all delicate.

When he received a notice to quit on account of rent arrears, he was frantic with worry and appealed to our Fund for the first time.

And there are many families like his that we want to help!

Do, please, send something—either earmarked "Quit" or for the General Fund, addressed to the Hon. Sec., JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, and lists of subscriptions are kept at this office. A copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

There are no deductions for administration expenses, every penny being devoted to assisting needy cases. So help us to help others!

Her father is up against it. Please help him!

SEPTEMBER 16,

CRUSADE against the SWA

Daladier, France's "Iron Man," fights with a united people behind him

IT is my purpose in this article to attempt to survey the forces, ponderable and imponderable, that are now engaged in a struggle which will decide the fate of the world.

I shall indulge in no forecasts of an early end or of an easy victory.

Nothing would be easier, and nothing would be more futile. Nor shall I deal in comfortable illusions.

What we need is to steel our hearts and face the naked facts.

Take, first, the cause. Here at least we are on strong ground. We are fighting for everything that makes life worth living—for civilisation against barbarism, for the reign of law against the reign of violence, for liberty against tyranny, for the victory of the free human spirit over the powers of hell.

In the words of the Prime Minister, our task is to deliver the world from "brute force, bad faith, injustice, oppression and persecution."

In such a cause we cannot take account of the cost.

Whatever the sacrifices, there can be no pause until the foul blot of Hitlerism is wiped from the face of the earth.

TURN TO THE POLITICAL LANDSCAPE. THE OUTSTANDING FACT HERE IS THAT AT THE FIRST IMPACT OF THE STORM THE AXIS HAS COLLAPSED.

It has collapsed because it was a lie from the beginning; a lie invented by Hitler to screen his conspiracy to make himself first the tyrant of Germany, and through Germany the overlord of the world.

What was the claim with which he seized power and laid the foundation of his terrific menace to Europe?

It was that he was engaged in an ideological war against Russian Bolshevism.

He was to be the saviour of mankind from that curse.

He sent Ribbentrop as the missionary of his gospel here, to prey upon the fears of "property" and to keep us unalarmed while he was secretly converting Germany into an arsenal.

In France, in Spain, in America, throughout the world, his agents spread the legend of Hitler as the deadly foe of Stalin, and of Germany as the impenetrable defence against the plague.

He linked himself up with Italy and Japan in what he called the Anti-Comintern Pact, whose object was to wage eternal war against Bolshevism.

It was the most astounding confidence trick in history. It vanished at the first challenge of an awakened world.

AND on the eve of war the curtain was lifted and Hitler and Stalin were discovered as old fellow conspirators, swearing eternal friendship and signing a compact the full meaning of which can only be guessed.

How has the revelation of this knavery affected the prospects of the war? Let us look first at what we may regard as the favourable consequences.

It has cleared away the sham and has enlightened the whole world as to the real issue.

It is seen that the struggle for world dominion is not between Bolshevism and Nazism, but between dictatorship (whatever disguise it wears) and democracy.

There is not a pin to choose between the tyrannies of Stalin and Hitler.

The aim of both is personal power and nothing but personal power, and the weapons of both are murder and persecution and the suppression of every form of personal freedom, social, intellectual or spiritual.

This enlightenment is one of the "imponderables" that should in the long run count heavily in our favour.

In the next place the break-up of the Axis alters the whole character of the struggle.

It leaves Hitler, at the beginning at least, completely isolated so far as direct military support is concerned.

We are no longer faced with a major conflict in the Mediterranean, and the clouds have lifted in the Far East and the Pacific.

Japan's withdrawal from the Axis is complete and unequivocal. It could not be otherwise.

She has been waging an undeclared war with Russia for a year past, and with Hitler hobnobbing with the one foe she has to fear as her rival in the Far East, her repudiation of the Axis is unquestionably sincere.

THIS collapse of the alliance with Germany should react upon her policy and increase her anxiety not to antagonise the United States and ourselves, as the only Powers which count in the Pacific.

In any case, we may assume that all threat of danger from her east of Suez is removed.

That is a "ponderable" fact.

It is part of the price Hitler has paid for his Russian deal.

The case of Italy is less clear.

Whether Italy, in view of the almost universal dislike of the people of the German alliance, could ever have been induced to march with Hitler is doubtful.

I do not think she could.

And Mussolini's declaration that he stands out of the quarrel leaves our naval supremacy enormously enhanced.

But he has not formally withdrawn from the Axis, and is still reckoned as a nominal ally by Hitler, who magnanimously accepts his quiescence and looks for Axis co-operation in the future.

Well, perhaps. But I think not.

So far, good.

An even more direct result of the Russian deal is the emphatic and unequivocal neutrality of Spain.

Here, at all events, German influence may be supposed to be stone dead.

This means that the "All clear" signal flies over the Mediterranean from Gib. to Suez.

This is not a bad harvest for the Peace Front from the Russo-German pact.

Let us turn to the other side of the account.

No one who looks at the map and the facts can be in any doubt of the immense potentialities of an alliance between Russia and Germany. It was one of Bismarck's foundation principles of European diplomacy never to fall out with Russia.

The other was to avoid a quarrel with this country.

"The elephant does not fight the whale" was his maxim.

But the Kaiser broke the Bismarckian tradition. He quarrelled with both. Hence his catastrophe.

It is obvious that an ironclad understanding between Russia, with her vast territory, population and undeveloped resources, and Germany, with her great industrial and technical equipment, would reshape the whole world structure.

There was a fleeting moment at the Rapallo conference after the war

when such an u
attempted.

Is it on the card
do not know. T
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E SWASTIKA

"Man who was Right"

Chamberlain, "Man of Peace," has shown that Britain does not fear a just war

Smigly-Ridz, "Lightning General," has refused to sacrifice Poland's honour

when such an understanding was attempted.

Is it on the cards again now? We do not know. The non-aggression pact may mean much or little.

It depends on whether there are secret clauses which give it the character of military co-operation and a common strategy.

But Japan's alarm is intelligible and significant. For if Russia's resources of raw material and manpower were exploited by Germany's military science, Japan's dream of an Asiatic hegemony would be doomed—if, thanks to China's heroism, it is not doomed already.

The question here, however, is the immediate one of how far the pact is likely to affect the war.

We cannot rule out Russia's active help to Germany, though that is improbable, especially in view of the fact that Poland also has a non-aggression pact with Russia.

Should it take place, however, it would not be decisive, and could not, as a remarkable analysis in the *Economist* of the Russian position shows, be effective for a long time.

Taking the balance-sheet I have drawn up of the Russian deal as a whole, it would seem that Hitler has sacrificed more than he has gained by the transaction.

The probability is that he snatched at what he hoped would give a knock-out blow to the Peace Front before war was declared, regardless of the effect it would have upon his potential allies.

IN THAT CASE IT MAY PROVE ONE OF THE GREATEST MISCALCULATIONS IN HISTORY. HE MAY, LIKE THE ENGINEER, BE "HOIST WITH HIS OWN PETARD."

He has made his encirclement so complete that there is not a single country that would wish to go to his help.

There is not a single country, however "neutral," which would not rejoice at his overthrow.

That, in brief, is the political landscape of the war. It is one man and one nation against Europe.

LET us turn to the military outlook. Hitler's calculations have throughout been based on the lightning war, the knock-out blow.

He has prepared for that and has now gambled on that. No authority either in his own country or outside has doubted that in a prolonged war his fate is sealed.

But the lightning war has been shown to be the most dangerous of all delusions.

Franco, with unlimited supplies of Italian and German bombers and tanks, expected to sweep Spain in two months.

It took him more than two years.

Japan anticipated a lightning war of three months in China.

She is in her third year of war, and is farther off her goal than ever.

If this is the experience of the lightning war against practically unarmed peoples, what is its prospect against powerful States like Britain, France and Poland?

In all the material of war we are at least as well equipped for immediate action as Hitler.

AND WE ARE NOT HAG-RIDDEN, AS HE IS, BY THE THOUGHT THAT WE MUST WIN AT ONCE OR SUFFER INEXORABLE DEFEAT.

"Frightfulness" will not provide the lightning stroke. Crimes such as the torpedoing of the *Athenia* only deepen the anger and brace the will of the outraged people.

Our supremacy at sea is greater to-day than it ever was in history—immeasurably greater than it was in 1914, when the German Fleet approximated to our own and kept our Navy largely immobile on guard in the North Sea.

Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa, free peoples all, have thrown in their lot with the Mother Country for the defence of the liberties of the world.

Nor in the last resort will the United States be indifferent to the cause that is as precious to her as to any nation.

There remain what we may call the imponderables, those moral and spiritual factors which in the end are the most potent of all.

The first of these is world opinion.

There has never been a war, with possibly the exception of the Civil War in America, in which the issue has been so clear, and in which the sentiment of all civilised peoples has been so decisively engaged on one side.

All men seek freedom and all men hate tyranny, and in the wave of terrorism that has swept over human society all men see a menace to the whole fabric of civilised relationships, not merely between nation and nation but also between man and man.

And under the shadow of this menace a feeling is surging up in the souls of men everywhere that the curse of Hitlerism must be swept away if life on this planet is ever to be livable again.

AS the days go by and the horrors accumulate, world sentiment will play a growing part in the struggle.

There remains another factor which cannot be left out of account.

It is that of the spirit of the peoples engaged in the conflict.

First as to our own. Never has this country gone to war so regretfully as now, and never has it been so free from the frenzies of war or of Jingoism.

But never, also, has it entered upon a struggle with so deep a sense of the greatness of its cause, or with so astonishing a unity of mind.

And never has there been so solemn a determination to accept whatever sacrifices it may be called upon to make in order to rid the world of the criminal lunacy that threatens it with universal anarchy.

WE ARE ENGAGED IN A WAR FOR NOTHING LESS THAN THE SOUL OF THE WORLD, AND WE SHALL NOT LET GO.

What of Germany? Much is said about the material deficiencies of the people.

It may be true; some of it is true, some of it is wishful thinking.

WHAT is certainly true is the moral and spiritual catastrophe that has befallen the German people.

They have become a shattered nation, half slave-driven and half slave-drivers.

They are a people living in terror of their neighbours, who dare not speak above a whisper lest they should be doomed to the concentration camp, who are told in official language that if they are discovered listening to a foreign radio they will be shot, and are warned that "the S.A. men are standing by."

Is it conceivable that a people half shuddering under the Hitler lash and half wielding the Hitler lash is charged with the spirit that is likely to win a clash with the free peoples of the earth?

If I thought this, I should despair of the future and of human life.

But I don't believe this.

I know that the "stream of tendency that makes for righteousness" will prevail against the soulless paganism that to-day is crucifying all that is fine and spiritual in the German people.

Here are the best ways to pack up your troubles and keep smiling!

"A Day at a time" says Humanist

● The robin still sings in the garden, taking each day as it comes. And now we, too, must find happiness in living for the moment

FOR a real problem of the times, read this frank and friendly letter from a woman reader:—

"I am fortunate in having cheerful neighbours. In spite of the war, they are able to keep smiling and joking all the time.

"The men I pass in the streets are often whistling, and don't seem to have a care in the world. Very few of them look depressed or worried, and it makes me feel ashamed for feeling so blue.

"Yet how can I help it? It is the way I am made. I own up to being a funk, and a funk can't turn herself into a heroine by an act of will."

I understand quite well what the writer of the letter means. She admits feeling a sense of fear, which is an ingredient in human nature.

The majority of people become cowardly when they merely sit down and think about it; but when a chance comes to do some real hard work they forget themselves—and their former cowardice—and behave as if they had never known fear at all!

I fancy that my reader's real trouble is that she is afraid of beinf afraid, and the most obvious cure is to find some definite work.

There are plenty of opportunities for people with time to spare, and I suggest that she gets a job looking after other people. That will save her from brooding about her own shortcomings.

Work is the cure for worry, and the harder the work the more effective the cure.

Now for a young man's problem. He writes:—

"I wonder what you think about 'fatalism' as a good war-time philosophy?

"My Dad has the idea that everything is determined for us, and that 'what has to be will be'; therefore we should fling away all fears and cheerfully accept whatever is coming.

"He went through the last war with that idea in his mind, and it apparently kept him going with the least amount of grumbling and complaining.

"It certainly keeps him happy, and I wish I could make myself into a fatalist too; but I find it difficult to accept all that such a belief involves.

"What do you think about it?"

Well, there are a great many millions of people who are fatalists, especially in the East, but the doctrine does not fit easily into our Western ideas.

If everything we do is predetermined, we cannot alter anything or prevent anything. Such a thought destroys effort and enterprise.

We like to feel that we can control circumstances; that it is in our power to make things better or worse.

There is a type of optimist who believes that whatever happens is for the best; and we all know the gloomy pessimist who believes that everything is as bad as possible. I suppose they are both fatalists in a way.

SURELY the sane attitude is to recognise both the good and evil in human affairs, to do our utmost to improve what is bad and to preserve what is good.

This cancels out the idea that everything is irrevocably fixed or fated.

Equally clear is the answer to our next poser, set by a man in the late forties.

"It is this terrible strain of waiting which has got me down. I'm not jittery, but I own to nerviness.

"Is there nothing I can do to lessen this feeling of tension? Private individuals like myself can do nothing but wait, but I wish we could cut ourselves off from news, or simply forget it all.

"How can we stop ourselves from indulging in this continuous feeling of suspense?"

The writer ought to feel thankful that he is not a member of the War Cabinet, and compelled to shoulder a far greater burden than falls upon the ordinary citizen.

BUT there is one thought which I should like him to consider:—

Our lives are mercifully divided into instalments, and we have to take them as they come—a day at a time.

The past is irrevocable, and we should waste no time in vain regrets for what is gone.

The future is out of our reach and cannot be guessed. Let us dismiss that also from our calculations.

There remains the present day, the present hour. The burden may be heavy, but we can carry it.

Animals and birds do not waste their time in worrying about their yesterdays and their to-morrows. The robins are singing in the garden as they always do in September.

But the human race seems unable to concentrate on the time which now is. We regret the past and fear for the future, yet we can only deal with each day as it passes.

I think we ought to grasp this simple fact and try to base our philosophy upon it. "A Day at a Time." Let us make the most of it and dismiss all else from our minds.

In a time of peace and happiness it is right to make plans for the future; but when we are burdened with anxieties let us divide life into hours and content ourselves with the duty which lies at hand. The immediate step is our real concern.

And have we not all discovered over and over again that many of our worries about the future have never materialised? Our suffering was quite unnecessary, but it undermined our courage and strength.

Next we come to a letter about a subject which must have been in many minds. The author is a young woman of twenty-five.

"My father and mother are not religious, and never have been. They live their lives as good citizens; they are delightful parents and neither of them would do a mean or cruel thing.

"But there has been no church-going in our home, no systematic reading of the Bible or family prayers. In fact, none of us has been in the habit of praying at all.

"But as soon as I heard the Premier's statement that war had been declared, I had a very strong instinct to go down on my knees and pray—to pray, not for myself or my relatives, but for the whole world.

"I felt that a great catastrophe was threatening mankind, and that God alone would save us from ourselves.

"I did not yield to the instinct because I thought it so unfair. When everything in life was flowing smoothly, I never dreamt of doing anything of the kind; but when everything seemed to be going wrong I wanted to shout for help!

"This desire must be very deeply implanted in human hearts. Perhaps if daily life had been harder I should have prayed fervently and passionately; but hitherto my own life has been very pleasant and I have been completely satisfied."

It does seem selfish to accept all the good things in life with entire complacency and to plead for Divine help only when we are in trouble.

Still, if there comes an instinct to pray, I think one ought to obey it.

The modern psychologist is now discovering what our ancestors knew well enough—that prayer can give that feeling of security which we all need in times of trouble.

It gives quiet confidence, courage and strength to carry on.

The Government realises this to-day. Places of amusement are closed for a time, at any rate, but the places of worship remain open. The congregations are larger and more earnest than in normal times. We feel a real need for consolation and help.

IT was Cromwell who said, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."

I think that sentence answers several of my letters this week. It means, surely, that we should make our fighting forces as perfect as possible—which implies deliberate effort—but that this is not enough.

Nor is it enough merely to pray. We must prove our sincerity by working for the cause for which we ask Divine Blessing.

Some readers will reprove me for saying this. They will remind me that our enemies are doing the same.

That is true enough. But I still feel that prayer must be backed up by strenuous effort.

Otherwise it is little more than a wail for pity.

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Pie Porter, manager of a coffee-stall on the Great West Road, enables an eloping couple to defeat an angry father.

W. J. Passingham

MOLLY WHITAKER lay in the hammock at the back of Porter's coffee-stall and looked up at the harvest moon.

From the Great West Road came the drone of cars carrying jaded Londoners out into the fresh, cool countryside, but the noise did not disturb her.

Instead it formed a kind of rhythmic background for her thoughts.

You see, Molly was dreaming of the day, six months hence, when she would be a bride—the wife of Pie Porter, owner of the smartest and most prosperous road house in the Home Counties.

Of course, that was looking a little far ahead, but the present promised well for the future.

Pie's coffee-stall was booming, and his name was known among motorists and lorry drivers from one end of the country to the other.

Everybody liked Pie. How could they help but like him?

Molly could hear him now, laughing and joking with his customers at the front of the stall, and smiled happily to herself.

Then she drifted off again into the world of fancy.

She might have gone on dreaming lazily until bedtime, if the big sports car had not drawn up before the stall with a squeal of tyres on tarmac.

Molly swung her legs over the side of the hammock, and walked round to the pull-in. She saw the car first—low, cream-coloured and stream-lined.

Then she saw the driver, a tall, fair-haired young man, with the shoulders of an athlete.

He was talking to Pie, and the set of his face, the jerkiness of his movements, told of a great anxiety.

Now Pie was shaking his head, and looking gravely sympathetic.

"No, I've not seen her," Molly heard him say. "I'm not sure what's the best thing you can do. . . ."

The young man turned to leave, and then halted, tense and expectant.

From the darkness of the road, a big saloon car had drawn silently to a stop before the stall, and an elderly man was getting out.

With the stiff gait of an old soldier, he strode straight towards the young man.

"Well, Ferris, I've found you after all," he said grimly, "Now where's my daughter? I know you've got some arrangement to meet her, so don't think you can bluff me. . . ."

THE young man took a step back.

"Please, please, Colonel Howard, don't let's discuss it here.

"I give you my word I don't know where Elaine is. I'm trying to find her just as hard as you are.

"Look, sir, people are beginning to listen!"

Two or three lorry-drivers, who had caught a snatch of the conversation, had begun to edge along the counter, oblivious of Pie Porter's frowns, in their eagerness to discover what the quarrel was about.

Colonel Howard glared at them, then turned to the young man again.

"All right, Ferris," he said, "I'm going back to the car, but remember this, young man—you are not going to marry Elaine so long as I can prevent it.

And then a bolt from the blue destroyed the Colonel's anger

"I know the two of you are bound to meet sooner or later, and I'll be there when you do.

"I've followed that racing car of yours a hundred miles to-day, and I'll follow it a thousand before I let my daughter waste her life on a worthless young pup who hasn't the guts to earn his own living. Don't forget that!"

WHEN Colonel Howard had got back into his car the young man drew Pie Porter aside.

"You're quite sure she hasn't been here?" he whispered. "You see, we arranged to meet here.

"But you must recognise Elaine if she does arrive, Mr. Porter. She's marvellous—absolutely marvellous! Dark hair, dark eyes—and all that kind of thing.

"There's a tiny brown mole under her left ear. You'll notice it in a moment, and . . . ."

"And the lady hasn't been here this evening, sir!"

"Ah, well," sighed the young man. "She may have missed me somehow, and gone on to her aunt's place in Berkeley Square—and if she has, that's worse.

"But if she should happen to arrive some time to-night, you'll be sure to tell her I'm staying at the Royal? Good!

"If she has gone to that hole in Berkeley Square—well, we're sunk. Now be a sportsman, Mr. Porter, and—er, good-night."

Molly and Pie watched the cream racing car roar away towards London, closely followed by the Colonel's saloon, and then looked at each other.

"What d'you know about that?" Pie demanded.

"He's awfully nice looking," said Molly, pensively.

"Maybe," Pie conceded, "but looks ain't everything."

"He's as straight as a gun-barrel," said Molly, "and I think it's a shame—if he really loves her. Just think of it, Pie. Suppose we—suppose . . . ?"

"We've our own troubles," said Pie quickly, "and it's no business of ours, anyway."

But Pie Porter was wrong—and was proved to be wrong within the next five minutes. Molly saw the girl first, and one glance was enough to win all her sympathy.

The girl was seated beside the driver of a big motor-truck—pale, anxious, looking towards the coffee-stall with dark, sleep-laden eyes. As she got down, Molly was beside her in the road.

"Are you Elaine?"

"Y-yes. But how—how do you know . . . ?"

"Don't be frightened," said Molly softly. "*He* was here not five minutes ago—and your father, too. They drove on to London. The young man left a message to say he would be staying at the Royal—whatever that may mean."

"Father was here!" Elaine gasped. "Trailing poor Ronnie, I suppose!

"Now, what am I going to do? If I go to my aunt's place, she'll simply send for father.

"BUT if they think they can stop me from. . . ."

"Suppose," Molly soothed "you tell me all about it? I might be able to help."

"That's sweet of you," Elaine answered warmly, and then burst into confidence.

"In the first place, I love Ronnie, and we're going to get married. Make no mistake about that!

"The trouble is that father thinks Ronnie is a waster, and that I'd be throwing myself away by marrying him. Aren't men stupid?

"What father doesn't know is . . .

(Continued on page 22)

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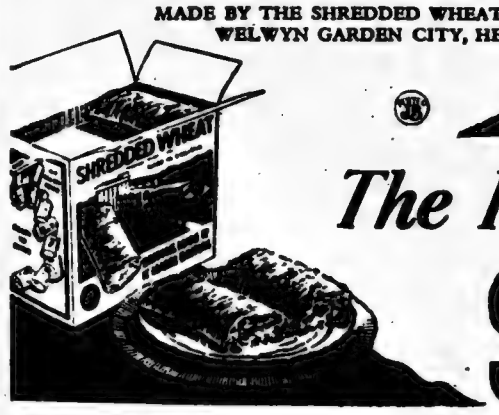

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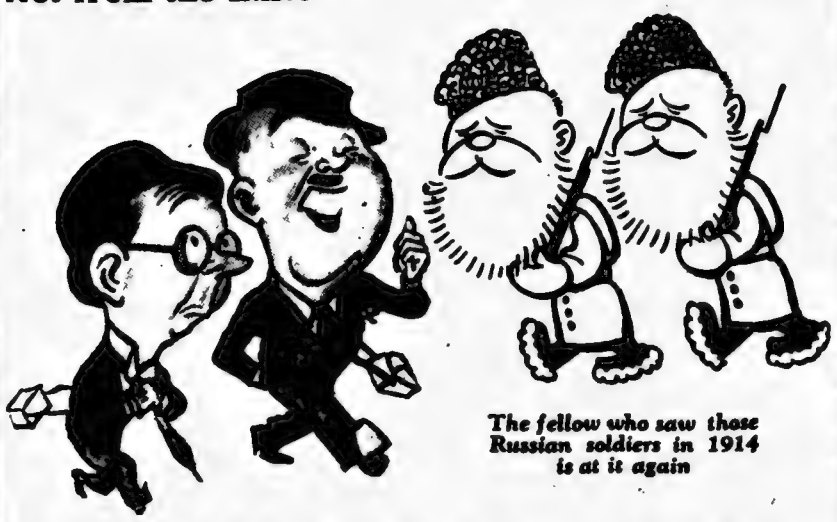

The fellow who saw those Russian soldiers in 1914 is at it again

Telling the Tale

Where are those Russian soldiers—
you remember them perhaps—
Who passed through England many years ago
(Just twenty-five, to be precise), big, hefty, bearded chaps,
And on their boots and great-coats Russian snow?
They have gone, alas! for ever, like our loves of yesteryear!
They have vanished like the sun behind a hill!
But the feller who first saw them, you won't be surprised to hear,
Is (like our darned lumbago) with us still!

AS a matter of fact, he has just left me, and he doesn't look a day older than in 1914, when his mental age was that of a bright child of 4½ or an unusually backward child of eleven.

Nor has he altered in other respects. When he seized me by the lapel, held his right hand to the side of his mouth and proceeded to make a draught in my left ear, it was to tell me that the Grand Fleet had been rendered immobile by invisible rays from a German 'plane.

When I voiced my puny doubts about this disturbing news, he said that he himself wouldn't have believed it if it had not come from an official source—a girl-cousin of his engaged to a chap whose brother-in-law has a job with the Mangel-Wurzel Marketing Board.

So you will see that our old friend the Bloke Who Knows is once again doing his stuff.

Not that he has ever been quite out of harness since the crisis of September last. Indeed, for a week before war was declared, when "mystery 'planes" were arriving at Croydon daily, he had to employ a staff of assistants to cope with the rush of work.

Only those possessed of an exceptionally keen sense of rumour and unusually long furry ears are fully qualified.

But there are others, with ears a trifle shorter and slightly less furry, who, although they haven't been in the game for as long as the man who saw the trainloads of Cossacks twenty-five years ago, can yet manage to do their bit as rumour-mongers.

They know, f'rinstance, all about the "secret clause" in the Russo-German non-aggression pact (the information was given away with a pot of Russian caviare bought in Soho) and about the submarine that was sighted in the Regent's Park Canal.

And any day now they will be in a position to tell of the Nazi Storm Troopers who, disguised as Fitness Girls, obtained jobs as typists in Whitehall, where they had access to secret plans for mobilising the Loch Ness monster.

I'm a bit of a liar myself!
And, lest swank such a statement appears,
Just to prove that I'm not altogether a dunce:
Of an Anglers' Club I was president once!
And, besides, I've been married for years!

But ever since war was declared
I have felt I've been put on the shelf.
Compared with those numerous fellers who know,
I can see I'm the crudest of amateurs, though
I'm a bit of a liar myself!

Y. Z.

STOMACH PAINS
ARE DANGER SIGNALS

When your digestive organs are out of order, the simplest food often causes distress. Heartburn, acidity, flatulence torment you; worse still, your food doesn't nourish you and so you become an easy prey to illness. It stands to reason you cannot be strong and healthy unless your digestive organs—stomach, liver and bowels—are working properly.

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MANY of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strain are caused by tired or congested kidneys. Frequent or scanty urine with smarting and burning also indicates that the kidneys and bladder are at fault. Your health soon suffers when the kidneys fail to filter excess acid and harmful poisonous wastes out of the blood.

End your torment and become healthy and vigorous again by taking Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills. This up-to-date kidney medicine does not merely relieve the pain. It strengthens, invigorates, and flushes out the kidneys so that the millions of tiny filtering tubes purify your blood. Only a remedy which achieves this can give you permanent relief. Thousands of men and women have thanked Doans Pills for recovery from backache, lumbago, rheumatic pains, puffy swellings, urinary and bladder troubles and other kidney ailments.

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Continuing Short Story

Evergreen Exploit

Ronnie has a job—a big and important job."

"Then why not explain that to your father?"

"Because Ronnie's job is one you mustn't talk about. I don't even know what it is myself—but I do know Ronnie."

For a long moment Molly stared at the fugitive. "You're quite sure of him, Elaine?" she asked finally.

"Quite! Do you think I'd have risked riding down from the north on a motor-lorry with a strange man to marry . . .?"

"If you're so sure of your Ronnie," she said, "I'll see you through—and so will Pie."

"Pie?"

"His real name's Basil," Molly whispered, "and that's supposed to be a secret. We're going to be married, too, in a few months' time.

"I'm going to take you home with me for the night, and we'll get into touch with Ronnie in the morning."

"No, we can't do anything now, and you need rest. Just leave all the worrying to me."

Then Molly got out her big motor-bike, and, with Elaine clinging to the pillion, sped swiftly away down the road to London.

Pie Porter watched them go with rising anxiety. "There'll be trouble about this business," he warned his assistant.

"I'll bet the two men'll be back here asking questions before long."

"What do we say, then?" his assistant demanded.

"Well, what do you really know about it, anyway?" Pie asked.

"Nothing."

"That's the answer," Pie said softly, and went on serving coffee.

Dawn raised the curtain for the second act of the drama.

First on the stage came the cream racing-car.

RONALD FERRIS scrambled out of the driving-seat and dashed up to the coffee-stall counter.

"Have—have you seen her? I mean Elaine. The girl I described to you last . . ."

"Take it easy," said Pie Porter. "I've seen her, and she's quite safe. But before we go any further, Mr. Ferris, is the young lady old enough to be married on her own account? Because . . ."

"Elaine is twenty-two, and I'm six years older. Her father, Colonel Howard, objects to our marriage because he thinks I haven't a job, and I'm too lazy to work."

"And that's not the case?" Pie Porter asked the question quietly, steadily.

"Of course, it's not," said Ronald.

"Elaine will be well cared for, and she knows exactly how I stand—that I'm not in a position to explain everything to her father.

"I've been to the—to the authorities who employ me to ask permission to break a confidence, and I hope they'll grant my request.

"That's about all I can tell you at the moment. Now will you help us, Mr. Porter?"

"That depends," Pie answered cautiously. "What's the big idea?"

Ronald Ferris leaned across the counter.

Hardly had he ceased whispering than a sudden warning came from Pie Porter's assistant.

"That big saloon car's coming this way, and about as fast as it can travel!"

Pie Porter went into action. "Run round the back and hide in the store-room," he told Ronald, and then took his usual stance at the counter.

Colonel Howard did not get out of his car, but his stern face, peering through the window, made it obvious that he was going to wait until the owner of the cream racing car showed up.

Pie watched him for a while, then slipped into the storeroom.

"He's going to wait for you," he told Ronald, "and he's going to wait for you a long time. Molly, my girl, will get you out of this. Just wait while I ring her up."

Pie was soon off the 'phone and giving Ronald instructions.

"Behind this place," he explained, "is a narrow lane running parallel with the main road for about half a mile.

"Keep walking along the lane until it joins the main road, and wait there for Molly.

"She'll be riding a big twin-engined motor bike, and there's a comfortable pillion seat on the back. I'll be seeing you at twelve o'clock. Good luck!"

When Pie returned to his counter, Colonel Howard was keeping his vigil as closely as ever. He had not budged when Pie handed over to his second assistant and went home. He was still there when Pie's mother, Mrs. Amelia Porter, arrived at noon to take stock.

It was an hour later that things really began to happen.

PIE arrived sitting beside the driver of a smart tradesman's motor-van. He was looking very pleased with himself.

"Basil!" cried Mrs. Porter. "You're wearing your best clothes!"

"Whoopee!" Pie answered gaily. "You ain't seen nothing yet!"

He carried out three wooden crates containing tall bottles with gilded necks. After him came the van driver, staggering under the weight of a bulky parcel.

After that events followed each other with bewildering rapidity.

Pie started helping the van driver to unload. First appeared three wooden crates, filled with bottles, the necks of which were wrapped in gilded foil. Next came a bulky parcel, that Pie insisted on handling himself.

"Got to be very, very careful with this," he muttered mysteriously.

Colonel Howard forgot his dignity and gaped. He looked even more amazed when a saloon car, as large as his own, drew up.

Out of it got Ronald Ferris, then Elaine, then Molly Whitaker, then a distinguished looking, quietly dressed stranger.

The sight of Ronald awakened all the Colonel's old anger. He bounded forward. "Ferris, what the devil . . . !"

But the stranger's hand was on his arm. "My card, sir."

The Colonel stared at the piece of pasteboard. "Sir James Fullerton, of the Foreign Office," he stammered. "What . . . what . . . what does this mean?"

Sir James smiled. "Colonel Howard," he said quietly, "Mr. Ferris has asked me to explain to you the . . . er . . . circumstances of his employment.

"SINCE you are a responsible officer in the British Army, I know you will regard the information as strictly confidential.

"Mr. Ferris is engaged in intelligence work, and it is highly important that his activities should not be known. . . ."

Ronald stepped forward. "Satisfied, sir?"

Colonel Howard flushed, then held out his hand. "I'm sorry, my boy," he said humbly. "I've done you an injustice. . . ."

"Forget it," said Ronald, "and now prepare for your second shock. Elaine and I were married an hour ago. Miss Whitaker and Mr. Porter were the witnesses.

"Now let's celebrate. Look. . . ."

On the counter of the stall a wedding cake rose resplendent from its wrappings and corks were popping as Pie Porter poured sparkling champagne into teacups.

Then Pie's voice rang out importantly: "Ladies and gentlemen, the bride and bridegroom! May they live happily ever after, and may this exploit and its memories be ever green for them!"

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Your hands will keep soft, smooth and attractive even though you do housework, if you rub in 'Vaseline' Petroleum Jelly every night at bedtime, then wipe off. Doctors say 'Vaseline' Jelly replaces the natural oils. Start tonight. Jars 4½d., 6d., 9d. Also in handy tubes and tins.

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It's not only active people who get 'B.O.'

It's pleasant to be the umpire, sitting comfortably on a high perch, watching the perspiring players as they rush and leap about the court. Yet, although she's so still, the umpire perspires too!

Medical authorities tell us that we all give off as much as a pint and a half of perspiration every day. That in itself is not unpleasant — it's just a simple scientific fact. But perspiration CAN be unpleasant if you allow that part of it which doesn't evaporate to go stale in the skin pores. That's when 'B.O.' starts. So do be sure to take a regular bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap. Its invigorating lather penetrates deep into the pores, dealing with all waste matter and stale perspiration and leaving you gloriously refreshed.

Use Lifebuoy Toilet Soap regularly and KNOW you're safe from 'B.O.'

About 1½ pints of perspiration

are expelled from the average person's system daily. This fact is vouched for by medical authorities. They tell us that this perspiration does not evaporate entirely, a residue is always left in the pores, becoming stale, with a noticeable odour, in 24 hours. This stale perspiration makes Body-Odour certain. Yet 'B.O.' is so easy to prevent if you make a habit of a daily bath with Lifebuoy Toilet Soap.

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STOP LIMPING! See p. 27

The Snake Struck Twice

Law's Long Arm—5

A dramatic series revealing the exploits of British detectives overseas—by

Louis Mansfield

She screamed horribly—for her master lay dead with a snake writhing by his side

WITH a song in her heart the serving-girl carried tea to the room of her master, Kamitapura Maragat, wealthy Bombay merchant, early one morning in October, 1933.

She was soon to be married. And she knew that the forty-year-old trader was more than generous with wedding gifts.

But directly she opened the door a long scream tore from her throat.

Kamitapura Maragat lay cold and still in death

On the silken cushion which had been his pillow a deadly snake writhed and hissed.

The house-steward who answered her scream took in the scene at a glance.

He did not try to kill the snake. In a Brahmin's house no one kills anything—not even a snake.

He simply grabbed the girl by the elbow, dragged her from the room, and slammed the door behind him.

"Quick!" he shouted to a servant. 'Fetch a snake-charmer." To another: "And, you—get a doctor. The master may be still alive. Tell the priests, too!"

The steward fetched the doctor more from force of habit than with any hope of saving the merchant's life.

Men just don't recover from the bite of the tic palonga, most vicious of Indian snakes.

Instead, they die an agonising death within a few minutes. Cauterisation, anti-snakebite serums, even immediate amputation of the affected limb, are useless once the tic has struck.

It didn't take the doctor long to diagnose the cause of death—after the snake-charmer had dumped the squirming reptile into his little wicker basket.

Maragat had been bitten on the right foot. He had been dead since, approximately, 11 p.m. the night before.

IF Kamitapura Maragat had been a low-caste native, a water-carrier or a street-sweeper, the chances are that his body would have been burned and no one would have given a second thought to the matter.

But he was an influential man, a power in Bombay, a devout Brahmin.

So the doctor and the servants asked themselves how four feet of such slow-moving, swift-striking viciousness could have travelled through the busy city street into the merchant's bedroom without being captured or killed by an "unbeliever."

Captain Dennis Armstrong, the police superintendent, wondered likewise when the tragedy was reported to him.

Calling Amaranda B'Radi into his office, he said slowly:

"I think you'd better try to find out how that snake came to be there, B'Radi.

"Of course, the whole thing may have been an accident. A wild tic may have got in somehow; or it may have escaped from some private zoo near the house.

"Or it may not have got there of its own accord at all. Anyway, scout around."

Armstrong was wise to turn over the case to his Indian assistant.

A Briton can never hope to understand the native. Whereas B'Radi is the Dominion's greatest sleuth. Born among the people, he understands every trick of their mind.

It took him less than three hours to eliminate the "private zoo" theory. And he didn't believe the snake could have been a wild one.

HE suspected it had been purposely placed in Maragat's bedroom.

"Who was the last person to be in that room before your master went to bed?" he demanded of the steward.

"Who is always the last person but Borah Dagot?" came the answer.

"Borah Dagot?"

"Yes—the Feeding-Man. He slept in the master's bed from noon until 10 o'clock, as he always did."

B'Radi's eyes lit up when he heard that Dagot belonged to that extraordinary class known as the Feeding-Men.

In India, religion forbids certain castes to take life in any form at all. Severe punishment is dealt to the devotee who kills even cockroaches or spiders. So millions of homes are overrun with pests of all sorts.

The impecunious Indian puts up with these discomforts for the sake of his religion, the good of his soul, and in expectation of future life. But the rich man fulfils his religion and still manages to sleep undisturbed by the insect parasites which abound everywhere.

He simply hires a member of that "honourable" profession—the Feeding-Men—to sleep in his bed for eight or ten hours before he, himself, wishes to retire!

B'RADI realised there was little chance for anyone to slip a snake under the blankets in the few short minutes between the time when Borah Dagot climbed out of bed and Maragat climbed in.

"Tell me about this Dagot," he said to the steward. "Did he have any reason to hate your master?"

"That I do not know. Of course, Borah Dagot was sometimes punished for minor faults. But even a Feeding-Man must expect punishment occasionally."

He hesitated.

"Still, I do know that the master liked Borah Dagot's wife!"

"So? They were carrying on an affair?"

"Well, one evening my master saw her. She is very beautiful. So, he ordered Dagot to send her alone to his rooms that evening."

"H'm? What did Dagot say to that?"

"What could he say? He was only a Feeding-Man. He had to obey. And he had to obey that order many times. He was shamed by it. For men laughed at him when they heard of it."

Amaranda B'Radi looked thoughtful.

"Perhaps that explains it," he said, half-aloud. "Maybe he left the snake as a different sort of companion for Maragat."

The steward shook his head.

"The Feeding-Man is a Brahmin," he pointed out. "He must not kill."

"No. Nor may men kill scorpions. Yet many men leave scorpions in a box to starve to death, do they not? They claim that by allowing hunger to kill the scorpions their own souls are free of stain.

"Borah Dagot could easily have salved his conscience with similar thoughts."

Abruptly he demanded:

"Have you ever known Dagot to possess a snake?"

"Yes. He owns the snake into which his father's soul had passed. It is a tic palonga.

"A *tic*!" B'Radi exclaimed. "Where did he get it?"

"He caught it in Kandy, in Ceylon, three months ago. Last July he went to Kandy for the marriage which his father had arranged for him.

"While he was there his father died. The dead man was burned on the *ghat*. And when the ashes were cold out of them came the tic.

"It was the animal into which his father's spirit had passed. So, like a true son, he kept it so that no harm could come to it. He put it in a basket and brought it with him."

B'Radi rapped out a string of searching questions, then went to Dagot's house.

The Feeding-Man was not at home. But his sixteen-year-old wife, Kanthim, was at once taken to Captain Armstrong's office.

Armstrong, B'Radi and Sergeant Walter Mayhew—formerly of Scotland Yard—questioned her for several hours.

But they learned little else than a few details which confirmed the steward's story.

"Well, where does your husband keep this snake?" Armstrong at last asked in exasperation.

"He kept it in a basket at the house," Kanthim answered. "He said it would never harm us since his father's spirit was in it. I think it must be so, for he handled it many times and it never tried to strike him."

"YOU said *kept*. Hasn't he got it now?" the captain demanded.

"No. The tic has escaped. My husband told me it escaped the night Maragat died, for rats had eaten a hole in the basket."

Armstrong sent her to a waiting-room and swung round to his colleagues.

"You'd better see if you can find that basket," he ordered. "We'll check up on her story before Dagot has time to find out what we're doing."

The two detectives were back in less than half an hour. They brought a small-sized snake-basket with them.

(Continued on page 26)

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By Dr. F. B. Scott, M.D., Paris

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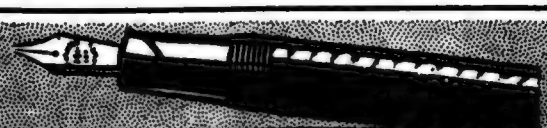

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Continuing—

The Snake struck twice

At first glance it seemed to bear out the story which Dagot had told his wife.

At one end of the basket was a large hole, obviously gnawed by a rat.

Armstrong, after a more careful scrutiny, began to speak his mind.

Perhaps the snake had escaped. Perhaps it hadn't. Mighty difficult to prove it, either way, in a court of law.

There was nothing against Dagot except suspicion. They hadn't found anyone who ever heard him making threats against Maragat. They couldn't even prove it was his snake that killed Maragat!

Even if they could, a jury would have to give him the benefit of the doubt the moment they heard the story.

OF course, the story was a lie. They knew it was a lie. But, how to prove it?

"I think that will be fairly easy, sir," B'Radi interrupted. "The hard thing will be to prove that it really was Dagot's tic and that he deliberately put it in Maragat's bed with the intention of murder."

He went on easily:

"As for the rats gnawing the hole! Well, are not snakes the mortal enemies of rats? Do they not hunt them down and eat them?

"Have not rats an excellent sense of smell? Are they not afraid of snakes? And will they not run away when they know one is near?

"No rat would ever go so close to its deadliest enemy."

"You're right there!" Armstrong agreed.

"Better go down and wait for Dagot. Bring him straight back."

"Oh, Mayhew!" he called as the two men were leaving. "Tell off a couple of men to trace that snake-charmer who took the tic out of Maragat's bedroom. Tell 'em to get it from him. We may need it as Exhibit A."

When B'Radi at last laid hands on the suspect he found him one of the shrewdest rascals he had ever tackled.

For the Feeding-Man was perfectly ready to go along to the police office. And he had a ready answer for every question.

"Oh, yes," he said blandly. "It was my tic that killed Maragat. But it was fate—an accident."

Armstrong glared at him. "How do you make that out?"

"It's a long story, sahib. The morning before Maragat was found dead, some rats chewed a hole in the basket. So the tic got out.

"I had nowhere else to keep it. I did not know what to do. So, when it was time for me to sleep in Maragat's bed, I took the snake with me.

"Then, when it was time for me to go, I forgot all about it. I left it behind—and it killed Maragat."

"You mean to say you slept in that bed for ten hours with a snake in it?" Armstrong demanded incredulously.

"Why not? Was not my father's spirit in it? It would not hurt me. I put it under the blankets, at the foot of the bed, so that it should not get cold and thus cause my father to suffer.

"But my father's spirit did not know Maragat. Therefore, the tic killed him.

"It was very unfortunate. I have lost a good master, a good job. But it had to be. It was fate!"

"You mean you deliberately murdered him, don't you?" Armstrong shot back.

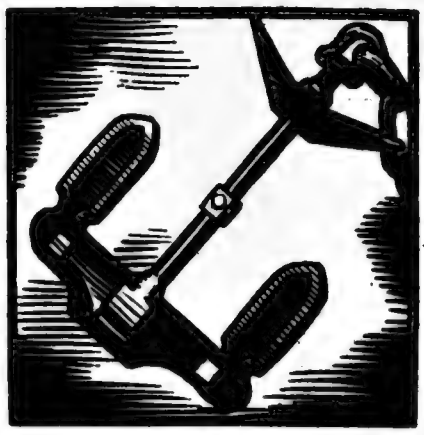
"No, sahib. It is as I say. I took the tic to bed with me. And when I went away I forgot it," the Feeding-Man replied with a half-smile. "That is all."

NOTHING would make him budge from his story. Finally, after questioning him for nearly seven hours, Armstrong was forced to release him.

Not one jot of evidence against him! Not a hope even for a manslaughter verdict while he stuck to his story.

Unless Armstrong could break down the tale, the Feeding-Man was bound to go free.

The Human Machine



Strong Anchors!

No one knows what he is really like till he is put to the test. Then, strengths and weaknesses are pitilessly revealed. The stress of reality has a ruthless way with all forms of sham!

The weathering of mental and spiritual storms depends on having some mental and spiritual anchor to which to cling.

You may call it what you like. Some call it faith, some principles. There are people who call it just simply religion.

Some base their lives on philosophy. Others—and though it is an insecure foundation, yet it is a foundation—are fatalists.

But whatever you call it, it is an anchor, as long as you really believe it and found your life on it.

Some beliefs you must have. Otherwise you drift before any storm that blows, as helpless as a rudderless ship.

Now the man never breathed who didn't believe in something — or someone. An attitude of pure mental negation is not possible. And what we should all do is to re-examine afresh the foundations of whatever beliefs are ours, clarify them and relate them to our ordinary everyday life.

That is the remedy, and the only remedy, against the dangers of mental and spiritual instability.

We are too apt to think that such things as principles and faith and foundations of life are something apart from ordinary people. That is a fundamental and fatal mistake.

Only those who cling fast to them can maintain a true balance in the midst of trouble.

TIMES of crisis are a great solvent of human nature. They tend to fuse people into a common mass; and they do much more.

They separate the true from the false. They sift out the gold from the dross.

Lots of people who would have proudly proclaimed themselves cool and logical thinkers have revealed themselves as shallow minded and unstable; lots who were never taken very seriously by their fellows have shone out as sources of unexpected and unsuspected spiritual strength.

During the next few days Armstrong kept B'Radi and his other detectives hard at work trying to uncover something which would convince a jury.

Nothing came of it.

BUT, a week later, B'Radi went to see his chief.

"I've thought of a plan which might make Dagot confess, sir. I'd like to borrow that tic palonga for a while. Also, I'd like Dagot to be arrested and brought here."

The captain knew enough not to ask too many questions.

Half an hour later B'Radi faced the Feeding-Man. He had the tic grasped firmly by the neck so that it could do no damage.

"Well, Dagot," he said. "Here is the tic that killed Maragat. Do you still expect me to believe the whole thing was an accident?"

"Yes. I have told you it was. Have I not?"

"You say your father's spirit is in this tic?"

"Yes. For did it not appear on the ashes of the *ghat*?"

"You say you took it to bed with you because you knew it would not bite you?"

Dagot nodded.

"Do you still think your father's spirit is in it and that it will not bite you?"

By this time the Feeding-Man was becoming a little disturbed. "Of course it will not bite me! But why do you ask?"

B'Radi ignored the question.

"Then, if your father's spirit is not in this tic, you are a liar? Everything you have told us about Maragat's death would be a tissue of lies?"

"It would be. But my father's spirit is indeed in that snake."

"We'll see!" B'Radi snapped.

Before Dagot had time to realise what was happening the detective shot out a hand and dragged him forward. He forced the tic's head against the Feeding-Man's bare arm.

The tic struck—deeply!

A look of sheer horror transfixed Dagot's face.

He screamed—horribly. Then he tore himself free to stare, as if hypnotised, at the two punctures in his arm.

B'Radi spoke once more:

"So! You are a liar! Your father's spirit is not in the tic It did not recognise your. It has killed you!"

The Feeding-Man looked at him with dull, unseeing eyes. He looked once more at the wound, then back again at the detective.

But he did not speak.

B'Radi knew he had only about another three minutes in which to get a confession. He had to work fast:

"Now you're going to die," he said quietly. "You're going to die with a murder on your soul. Do you want your soul to die also? Do you not want to confess and so get a chance to go through the stages of development?"

Once more Dagot looked at the two tiny holes:

"Yes," he said hoarsely. "I want to confess. I want my soul to go on living for ever. I put the tic in Maragat's bed to kill him. I knew it would. He had shamed me before all men so that they laughed when my name was mentioned. He had to die."

"But why kill with the tic?"

"Because I could not kill him myself. If I did, his death would be on my soul. And my soul would die. But, when the tic killed him, his death would be on the soul of the snake. Not on mine!"

HE paused to look again at the wounds. He squeezed them between his thumb and forefinger as if fascinated by them.

B'Radi looked at him and grinned. He hadn't the heart to tell him that the tic's poison glands had been removed only thirty minutes before. Instead, he walked into the next room where two police officers had been copying down every word that passed.

"Did you get it all?" he asked them.

"Every word. Even down to the shouts," came the answer.

Just what the Feeding-Man said when he first found he had been tricked has not been recorded in the files of the Bombay police.

But when, a fortnight later, he heard Mr. Justice McDurnough sentence him to death on the gallows he called down every curse he could think of on the head of the wily Amaranda B'Radi.

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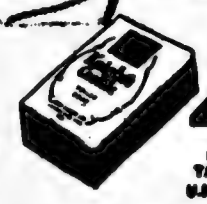

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N.B.—If desired, "Bullets" entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 31, may be enclosed with Crosswords; try also a shot at "Bullets" each week and so double your prize-winning opportunity.

ACROSS CLUES

1. Jack Tar's the man who would thoroughly enjoy one
3. Those who attack Britain live to rue this
5. Female sheep
6. Captured prisoner won't mind being given a friendly one
8. Turning up this at lecture is sometimes rather awkward for speaker
10. You can easily tell these are firmly fixed at cokernut shy
11. Munitions factories want every one working now
15. Bad manners may make a person
17. Enemy will soon be in this state, anyway
19. Attack made in this can usually be repulsed by brave soldiers
20. Usually easy to read

DOWN CLUES

1. Some women would be delighted with a fine one for birthday present
2. Allow
4. He's a vegetarian, but some of us suspect Hitler's gone off his!
7. Big one may damage case
9. Inveterate racing gamblers often do this
11. Motorist might possibly go through this as result of crash
12. After opening badly, play is often found to do this
13. This of dwarf statue is naturally small
14. Cakes are sometimes baked in
15. Lose brightness, as curtains do in sun
16. May be suitable colour for many decoration schemes
18. General can soon smarten up, in emergency

ADDRESS ENTRY

Crossword No. 169, "John Bull," 57, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.).

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

Presented on this page is the 169th of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles; you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an expert Adjudication Committee.

Each entry received will be carefully considered and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle Square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists it is decided that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit as Answers will be regarded as having tied at these points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle Square appear in JOHN BULL, published Thursday, October 5. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties, the lump sum of £200 will be equally divided; not more than one cash prize allowed to any one entrant.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

CROSSWORD GAZETTE

No further issues of the "Crossword Gazette" will be published at present, owing to impossibility of maintaining satisfactory service in existing circumstances.

X-WORD No. 168—Closing postmark, FRI., SEPT. 15. Readers unable to obtain Postal Orders may remit entry-fee in 1½d. stamps, as for X-word No. 169.

READ THESE RULES.

1.—Complete puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Entry-fee is at the rate of 3d. for each square submitted. Stamps must be affixed or Postal Order enclosed as entry-fee, as directed on Entry Form. If P.O. used, make payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be sent by post as directed (not delivered by hand) and bear POSTMARK of not later than Saturday, September 23, 1939.

2.—Each entrant may submit any number of squares up to sixteen (entry-fee 4/-).

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on Entry-square alongside will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

4.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, October 5. Entries are accepted only on condition that the published result of our double adjudication establishing the Winner and Runners-up is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

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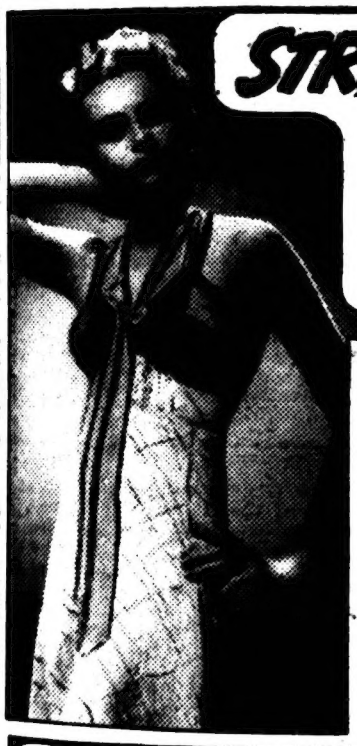

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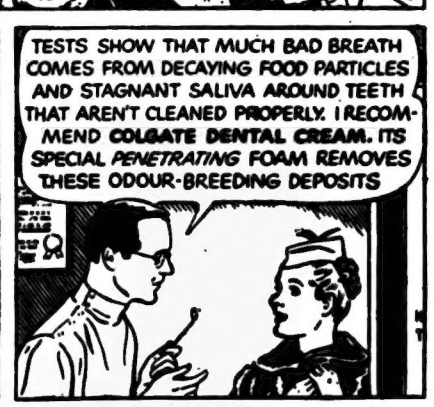
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New Mammoth Autumn Catalogue Free
IMMEDIATE DELIVERY OF GOODS.
No "draw." No taking turns.
POSTAGES PAID.
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Generous supply of samples allowed.
FAIREST OF EASY TERMS.
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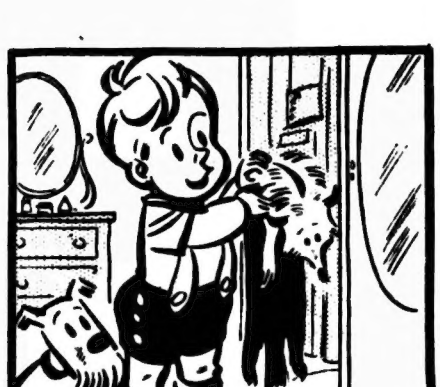
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

BESSANTS OF LEICESTER 51ST YEAR

The Last Laugh

The Kid by Lees



P. K. (Kettering).—"All attempts to recover the shilling I swallowed last month have failed, so the doctors have decided to make no further attempt." Never mind. One can't buy much with a shilling nowadays.

S. M. (Ramsgate).—"I told the guard that our carriage wasn't fit for a pig to travel in." And did he suggest you got out?

MAJOR (Bath).—"I told the young man I didn't want my daughter tied to a hopeless idiot all her life." So you gave your consent?

T. L. (Stockwell).—"The essentials of health are the things that are within the grasp of all." We had no idea that strap-hanging was such a splendid tonic.

P. N. (Rochester).—"A brick fell from a building on his head, and what do you think he said on recovering consciousness?" 'All right, dear. I'll get up'?

K. G. (Chester).—"My wife didn't seem a bit cross with me about the black eye I exhibited the next morning." Perhaps you hadn't got it when you arrived home?

P. D. (Perth).—"I enclose a photograph of my car You wouldn't think it was a second-hand one, would you?" Good gracious, no! We thought you had made it yourself.

R. W. (Glasgow).—"When I told the landlady that I'd pay in advance, as I always believed in starting with a clean sheet, what do you think she did?" Added it to your bill as an extra?

W. W. (Pinner).—"I thought of becoming an author and would like your advice as to the best kind of typewriter to get—a big one or a portable." Well, a portable is the easiest to carry to the pawnbroker's.

I. R. (Fowey).—"Because I was standing at my front gate at two o'clock in the morning in a terrible storm, the police-constable seemed very surprised." You explained to him that the storm outside was preferable to the storm that awaited you within?

F. K. (Tring).—"I found something very unusual on an excursion train last Thursday—can you guess what it was?" Room?

R. N. (Runcorn).—"My swimming instructor warns me that getting too much moisture in the ears often causes severe headaches." We must keep the aspirins handy the next time we tackle a slice of melon.

O. B. (Epsom).—"Do you know much about horse-racing?" Rather. Before a race we know which horse is going to win and after the race we know exactly why it didn't.

E. P. (Leytonstone).—"I found two bottles of whisky in a 'bus the other day." And where were you found?

S. E. (Esher).—"I drank a toast to absent friends in water." Their absence is hardly surprising.

F. G. (Lewes).—"I wonder why my eyes are so weak." Perhaps they're in a weak place?

A. E. (Tunstall).—"In the village where I've been staying I was shown an old hen with two hearts." We've played bridge with one like her.

L. A. (Exeter).—"My wife seems to think I'm a miserable idiot." Judging from your letter you seem cheerful enough.

M. R. (Portsmouth).—"My mate is always changing girls. He has signs of fickleness written all over him." He keeps the tattooist busy?

R. S. (Abingdon).—"It is very pleasant, as you sit down to breakfast, to be greeted with the cheep of a bird." Not if it comes from an egg you have cracked.

F. G. (Sleaford).—"When the boss caught me napping, I suppose he realised my heart was not in my work." It was in your boots?

TIM (London, N.W.).—"When I was in hospital recently the nurse would wake me up about nine o'clock every evening. Can you guess why that was?" To give you your sleeping draught?

M. C. (Welwyn).—"In what way does a mushroom differ most from a toad-stool?" The way in which it is spelled.

H. L. (Troon).—"I should have run through all my money had it not been for my young wife." She spent it first?

A. V. (Badminton).—"We are having a dinner and a dance next week. My daughter is coming out, you see." What was she in for?

W. W. (Banbury).—"If there is a coal shortage whatever shall we do?" Sit on a railway embankment and make faces at engine-drivers.

F. V. (Somersham).—"I've never had a scarecrow on my allotment." Perhaps you spend a lot of time there yourself?

T. P. (Broomfield).—"I thought things over and decided to agree with my wife." And she told you she'd changed her mind?

A. A. (Cleveleys).—"I hadn't been talking to the fellow for more than five minutes before he called me an ass." What was the cause of the delay?

F. C. (Epping).—"After paying the hotel bill I gave the manager my best wishes." You said you hoped he'd benefited by your holiday?

H. S. (Bury).—"My headmaster at school made me what I am to-day." Oh, well, forgive and forget.

B. S. (Appleby).—"I have just finished making a model of one of our prisons." We presume that your walls, unlike the real ones, are made to scale.

MR. L. (Daventry).—"I held the lead throughout a most exciting mile race." See letter below.

MRS. L. (Daventry).—"I got so excited during the mile race that my husband had to look after my pet pekinese for me." See letter above.

L. A. (Matlock).—"I got my first taste of the sea in a tramp steamer." We got ours learning to swim.

MRS. K. (Eastbourne).—"I always bring down my weight when I come to this seaside resort." Well, we fail to see how you could leave it behind.

C. C. (Ryde).—"When I asked her to marry me she said, 'No, a thousand times no.'" That was certainly rubbing it in considering you only asked her once.

H. F. (Morden).—"I was surprised to see a woman in Hyde Park throw her arms round a horse's neck and hug it for some considerable time." She was learning to ride?

MISS T. (Ealing).—"The boy I got engaged to at the seaside swore he would go to the ends of the earth for me, but I haven't seen or heard from him since I came home." Perhaps he has started already.

W. S. (Sutton).—"Britain and France will never drift apart now." It would be very exasperating for Channel swimmers if they did.

R. M. (Lowestoft).—"After stopping in at nights studying, I am wondering whether there is an easier way to rise in business." Try walking out with the boss's daughter.

S. D. (Cromer).—"I told the chap in the other car that I wouldn't allow him to use bad language before my wife." But how was he to know that she wanted to swear first?

D. A. (Pembroke).—"My neighbours must be very rich people, judging by the clothes they wear." One can never tell. Some of the most gorgeous flowers haven't got a scent.

A. C. (Leyburn).—"It gives me great pleasure to inform you that we have just paid the last instalment on the perambulator." And how's the baby—getting married soon?

Whatever your War-time difficulties, tell us about them. We have an expert staff ready to do its best to settle any query or problem. Don't let worry assail you further—write to us to-day.
Send your enquiry with a stamped, addressed envelope to JOHN BULL'S Free Advice Service, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You may be assured that prompt attention will be given to it.
The replies on this page deal with humorous letters from readers. They are for your entertainment.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrives with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DAILY MAIL:—"He was scheduled to be chief GUST at an air display to-day."

HEBDEN BRIDGE AND MYTHOLMROYD LEADER:—"62,500,000 gallons were poured down the THIRTY throats of England. . . ."

THE EVENING CITIZEN, GLASGOW:—"He began his career in famous sailing SLIPPERS and served in steamers for 33 years."

THE NORTHERN DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . and of wilfully disobeying the AWFUL commands of their superior officers."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—". . . library van enables borrowers in outlying districts to change their LOOKS near their homes."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD:—"A DARLING jewel robbery was carried out at a well-known —— hotel."

HUNTS POST:—"A far better spirit could have been CHEATED by leaving this honorary section unnoticed, rather than a favour for that few."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"But C— was SHREW and a brave man. He was one of the pioneers who opened up the trading routes."

EVENING HERALD:—"But when Signorina S— came to she asked through a FLOOR of tears to be taken home to her husband and baby son at an address in Milan."

RETFORD, GAINSBOROUGH AND WORKSOP TIMES:—". . . but in the meantime there had been a doctor's certificate that she was mentally BACKYARD."

NORTH-EASTERN GAZETTE:—". . . was fined £10 for driving a car without a licence and £5 for driving A ROAD FUND LICENCE."

SUNDAY TIMES:—"All roads and bridges leading into Switzerland as well as the Simplon and other tunnels, which have been MINED since September, are being guarded day and night."

BOSSY (Epping).—"I am always at the bottom of the class." Don't worry. It's the same lesson wherever you sit.

M. K. G. (Madeley).—"I sold my saxophone for a fiver." Did you blow that, too?

F. H. (Lee).—"Gold-diggers annoy me. I know a few and wonder what their pasts are made up of." Presents.

F. V. (Downham).—"I have always treasured my wife's letters." Including the ones she has given you to post?

S. M. (Stourbridge).—"My wife has never once called to see me at my office." You should engage a pretty typist.

E. P. (Rottingdean).—"I told my husband I was going to tie the wistaria against the trellis." And did he run for the smelling salts?

R. M. (Seaton).—"A man automatically thinks of a diamond when he gets engaged." And a club when he gets married.

R. J. (Cosham).—"I am only a remote relation of theirs and yet they frequent my house as if it belonged to them." Evidently you are not remote enough.

D. O. (Iver).—"There is always more room at the top." This is disproved thousands of years ago by designer of the pyramids.

R. C. E. (Aldershot).—"A [illegible] much, but you get plenty [illegible] Fire in a coupon or two from page and you may well [illegible] bull's-eye.

T. B. (Alton).—"The [illegible] I am courting is a famous [illegible] We suppose you look to see [illegible] ing his football boots when [illegible]

D. N. (Royston).—"It is [illegible] a yawn." Not if you're [illegible] wealthy relative who is [illegible] favourite funny story.

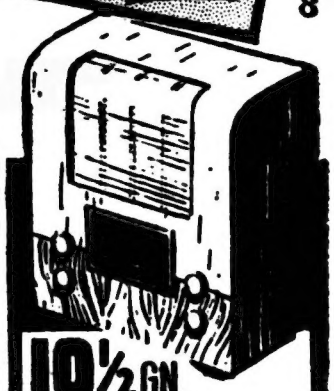
A. C. (Purley).—"The salesman that of all the cars he knows question was the one he felt [illegible] fied in pushing." It would [illegible] good to you, would it?

JOHN BULL KEEPS *the* COMPETITION FLAG FLYING!

SPECIAL BULLETS "CARRY-ON" PRIZE OFFER

FIRST PRIZE £200 CASH *plus* 10½ GN RADIO

1188



10½ GN. "MARCONIPHONE"

5-valve All-wave Superhet Receiver accompanies 3 chief prizes this week.

SECOND PRIZE £10 PLUS 10½ GN. RADIO

THIRD PRIZE £5 PLUS 10½ GN. RADIO

10 PRIZES OF £2-10

HUNDREDS OF OTHER AWARDS

HOW TO WIN

With your support, JOHN BULL intends to carry on the good work of providing pleasure each week for *Bullets* enthusiasts as well as prizes for successful entrants. One of the *Bullets* you can make up in a spare half-hour this evening may well bring you that £200 First Prize cheque. Cash-plus-Radio Awards are waiting for other chief winners, as well as hundreds of cash and other prizes for Runners-up.

A *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, closely fitted to the chosen *Example*.

Here is a good instance of how to build up your efforts.

Making SPIRIT OF DEMOCRACY his *Example*, a Gloucester reader added the words ONE "FORTIFICATION" GERMANY LACKING and so completed a simple but striking First Prize *Bullet*.

Now start on your *Bullets* for this week's Cash and Radio prizes — and make the most each week of the winning opportunities provided by JOHN BULL!

"BULLETS" BULLETIN

No further issues of "Bullets" Bulletin will be published at present, owing to impossibility of maintaining satisfactory service in existing circumstances.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

TO SAVE POLAND
MARCHING ON
WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE
OUR ALLIES
UNITED EMPIRE
ENGLAND EXPECTS
IDEAL JOB
AUTUMN LEAVES
PEACE WITH HONOUR
THANKLESS TASK
TROUBLES MOTHER
WHATEVER HAPPENS
DEEP IN THOUGHT
GOING OVER
STAND FIRM AND
DISAPPOINTED
WARNING NOTE
ALWAYS LEARNING
FOR OUR CHILDREN'S SAKE
MADE THE BOSS THINK
WICKED
GROWING OLD
WHEN THE STORK CAME
GERMANY'S FUTURE
DOING HIS BIT

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

JOB FOR .....
DOCTOR'S .....
ONLY .....
HEIGHT OF .....
AMBITION'S .....
CALLING FOR .....

ENTER on new STAMP or P.O. COUPONS BELOW!

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

No. 1,188 Closing postmark SAT., SEPT. 23.

I agree to enter in accordance with rules.

SIGNED .....
ADDRESS .....

1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP	1½d. STAMP
For one "Bullet" affix 1½d. stamp to each space above.		For two "Bullets" affix additional 1½d. stamp to each space above.	

Affix 1½d. Stamps here at rate of 3d. ENTRY-FEE for each "Bullet" submitted. P.O. may be used if preferred—if so, write its number and value across stamp space.

EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____
EXAMPLE _____
BULLET _____

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N.B. If desired, Crossword entry, made in accordance with Rules on page 28, may be enclosed with *Bullets*; double your prize-winning opportunity by also entering a Crossword each week.

RULES.—1. First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges. 2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and stamps or P.O. as entry-fee must be affixed or enclosed as directed on coupon. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. 3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

ADDRESS ENTRY: "BULLETS" No. 1,188, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

CLOSING POSTMARK Sat., Sept. 23

NELSON'S SIGNAL inspires £300 "BULLET"!

FIRST PRIZE—Contest No. 1,185:

D. GORDON, 373, High Street, Connah's Quay, Chester.

Example: TO KEEP BRITAIN GREAT
Bullet: NELSON FELL—APPEAL "STANDS."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

SECOND PRIZE, £25:
C. FLETCHER, 128, Leigham Court Drive, Leigh-on-Sea.
Example: Same Old Spirit
Bullet: "Unbottled" At Country's "Call."

THIRD PRIZE, £10:
Mrs. S. VENABLES, 164, Birmingham Road, Oldbury.
Example: Same Old Germany
Bullet: Has Insane New Germany.

OTHER PRIZES:

£8: J. C. SCOTT, 3, Backmarch Crescent, Rosyth, Fife.
Seize Your Opportunity And—Ignore Your Knees Knocking!

£8: Miss M. THOMAS, 1, Davies Street, Abercrave, Swansea.
Same Old Britain—No Bully—Noble Ally.

£7: J. GUY, "Greenways," Snails Lane, Blashford, nr. Ringwood, Hants.
Blow For America — Realisation Of Unreal Isolation.

ADVANCE "EXAMPLES" FOR "BULLETS" No. 1,189

NOT TO BE USED FOR THIS WEEK'S OFFER.

Thanks To Neville—Strong Words—Britannia's Friends—War In The Air—Thinking It Over—Rich And Poor—With Tears In Her Eyes—War Paint—Door To Peace—With A Sigh Of Relief—Pulling Together — Hitlerism — Helping The Lame—Come Along, Uncle Sam—Tell The Truth And Shame—History Of Man—Battling With Life—Canada's On A.R.P., So—Scraps Of Paper—Commandeered.

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE word of your choice in the position on the dotted line. Thus you will find it easy to discover attractive and differing "Examples" to augment those provided.

Lesson For ..... — ..... House — Pity When — Day Of ..... — ..... For The Profiteer — Off To .....

£6: Mrs. E. H. WORDEN, 1, Morwenna Terrace, Bude, Cornwall.
To Keep Britain Great—Firm "Front" Behind Frontier.

£5: E. M. GAY, 7, Secker Street, Lambeth, London, S.E.
Same Old Duster—"Limp" Till "Breeze" Starts.

£4: A. HALLETT, 100, Norman Road, Wrexham.
Blow For Hitler—Crushing One—Crushing Done!

£3: G. GUYMER, 32, High Street, North Ormesby, Yorks.
Blow for Britain—"Below Belt," Profiteer's "Whack."

TEN PRIZES OF £2 10s. EACH:

W. ELLIS, 86, Northinch Street, Glasgow.
Shattered—Peace? Britain's Word Unbroken!

Mrs. J. D. EMERY, 61, The Birches, Cheadle, S.o.T., Staffs.
Tired of Trying—Till "Inspiration" Toddled In.

P. R. EVANS, "Glenrose," St. Andrew's Road, Taunton, Som.
Picture Of Elegance—My Sylph—Not Myself!

W. G. HARRINGTON, 84, Cavendish Drive, Leytonstone, London.
Woke Up Father—"Tipperary"—Grandpa, "Dolly Gray."

W. LEE, Top Flat, 174, North Road, Southend-on-Sea.
Sonny In The Train—"Dictator"—Must "Occupy Corridor!"

D. R. MACKAY, 12, Longford Avenue, Southmead, Bristol.
Rapid Recovery—"Crock's," In Sun's "Shafts."

M. MOLLOY, 25, Braunstone Close, Leicester.
Picture Of Hitler—Had Auntie Bigger Moustache!

W. H. SUTTON, 114, High Street, Wordsley, Staffs.
Girl With A Smile — "Lights" Way—"Warms" Heart.

Miss L. TITMUS, 1, Harvey Road, Leytonstone.
Happier World—Owning Creation? Creating Own!

F. WAKEFIELD, 51, Brixham Crescent, Ruislip, Middx.
Wrong Remedy—Mother's—Extracting Punishment's "Sting."

List of 25 winners of 10s. and 200 Surprise Award winners can be seen at these offices.

We may differ but we can both be right. Because, when it comes to a good cigarette there are always two ways about it with Player's — 'Medium' or 'Mild'. Both have a great following with smokers. So this time let's agree to disagree — please yourself and say "Player's Please."

Player's are always in the picture...

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES MEDIUM OR MILD CORK TIPPED OR PLAIN • 10 • 6½D • 20 • 1/0½ • 25 • 1/4

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